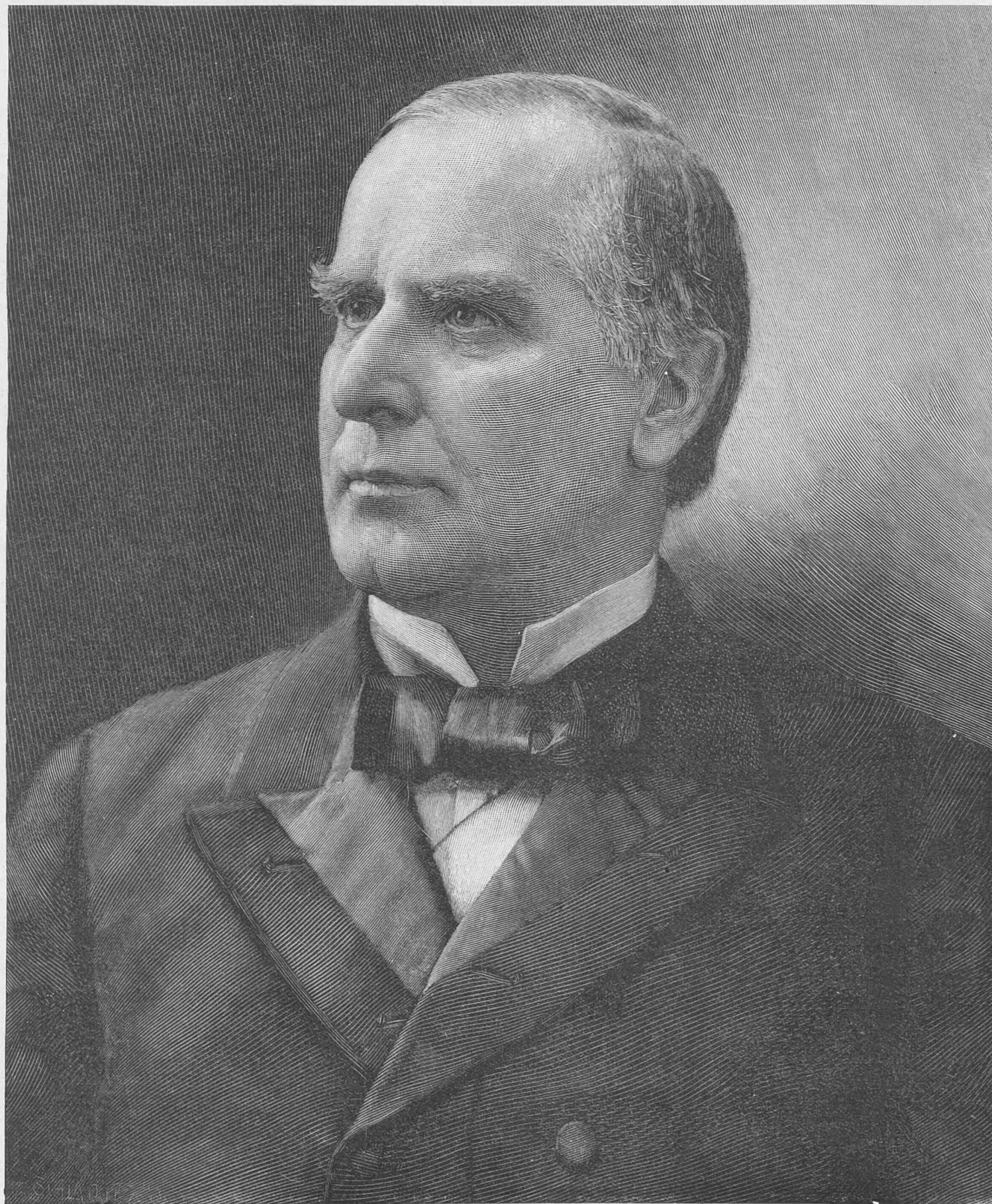




No. 450.—VOL. XXXV.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



PRESIDENT WILLIAM McKINLEY,

THE ATROCIOUS ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE WHOM AROUSED THE INDIGNATION OF THE WHOLE CIVILISED WORLD.

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THE CLUBMAN.

President McKinley Shot At—King Edward's Sympathy—Marienbad—A Paradise for Gourmets—A Clubman's Day There.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

SOME years ago, I remember reading a few striking sentences beginning "Luck will not last. It may help you once, but you cannot count upon it." I was forcibly reminded of them when the shocking news reached me in Marienbad that the Polish Anarchist Czolgosz had attempted to assassinate President McKinley on Friday last, for these striking sentences were once uttered by the President himself in the course of a speech. I need not dwell on the shock the event has given to the whole community here. On all sides are to be heard words of sincere sympathy with the injured man, of hope that the wounds he received from a Judas hand at the Buffalo Exhibition may not prove mortal, and of execration of the deed and its perpetrator.

The details of the dastardly crime seemed to bite themselves into our minds. The picture of the smiling President on the dais in the Temple of Music shaking hands with the visitors to the Exhibition, of the would-be assassin approaching with his revolver concealed in the handkerchief covering his hand like a bandage, of the heroic fortitude of Mr. McKinley when the two shots were fired at him, and of the culprit's narrow escape from lynching on the spot—this dramatic picture was, perhaps, realised all the more forcibly by us as we happened to be in this peaceful and beautiful holiday-haunt, far, indeed, from the madding crowd. There was an intense feeling of relief when news came that the stricken President was progressing satisfactorily. And our King gave apt expression to the innermost feelings of one and all of his subjects when His Majesty wired on Sunday to Mr. Choate, the genial United States Minister to the Court of St. James's, "I rejoice to hear favourable accounts of the President's health. God grant that his life may be spared.—EDWARD R. I."

For myself, I must express the fervent hope not only that the President will recover, but also that this horrible crime may lead to the severest measures being put into force against Anarchists wherever they may be found. They are a dangerous and pestilent breed which should be ruthlessly stamped out. I read in the *Times* that the prisoner at Buffalo has made a statement to the police in which he says that his real name is Leon F. Czolgosz, and not Fred Nieman, the name given at first. His father was born in German Poland, three miles west of the Russian line. Leon was born in Detroit twenty-eight years ago. When he was a child, his parents moved to Alpena, Michigan, where he was educated in the Polish and public schools. From Alpena he went to Cleveland, where he worked as helper in a blacksmith's-shop, working subsequently in some wire-works at Newark, near Cleveland. He said frankly that he was an Anarchist, and that he became actively interested in Anarchism in 1899. He then described how he walked down the aisle to the President with a revolver concealed in his handkerchief. He avows that he was alone in his plan to kill the President, and had no accomplice anywhere.

Marienbad has healing waters which stir up the sluggish liver and charm away the gout. It also has a wonderful reputation for decreasing the weight, and from all parts of the world come the gourmets, who, by simple living and early hours and the gentle effects of the waters, do away with the results of too rich and dainty dishes and too late hours.

At the foot of a great range of forest-covered mountains stretches a broad plain of cornland and pasture, with dark woods dotted here and there on it and shining lakes. From this splendid expanse, valleys run up into the hills, and in one of these, where many little forest-streams converge, lies Marienbad.

The life of "The Clubman"—for most Clubmen are gourmets—at Marienbad is a very pleasant one. He rises early, and before seven is to be found at whichever of the springs he has been ordered to drink from—as a rule, either the Kreuzbrunn, which rises from the granite at the foot of the mountain and is covered by a dome on the summit of which a gilt Greek Cross shines, or the Ferdinandsbrunn, which gushes up in the pleasant meadowland. Then he walks till he has an appetite for breakfast, which he makes on the little Austrian rolls—the most delicious bread in the world—and lean, pink ham from Prague, and fresh, eggs and butter, and frothing *café au lait*. Before noon he takes either a "moor-bud" of soft, warm, *semi liquid* peat, or a carbonic-acid bath, which tickles gently and is as invigorating as a glass of champagne, or one in which are mixed the sweet-scented pine-needles. He listens to a band play in a glade of the forest until lunch-time arrives, and, following his doctor's orders, eats either the delicate, white-fleshed trout fresh from the Wildbach, or the firmer-fleshed pike, and the plump partridges of Bohemia or the fat fowls which come from Styria; drinks Donau Perle or some other of the white Austrian wines, and finishes his meal by some exquisite peaches stewed whole. He walks, after lunch, in the forest or drives to Tepl, on the bare highland where the grey-steeped Abbey stands, the monks of which are the owners of all the land at Marienbad. Tea-time sees him either at the Café Alm, where Tyrolean maidens in high head-dresses are the waitresses, or at the Egerlând, where the serving-maids have crimson skirts and short-sleeved bodices. A light, early supper at the New York or Klinger's, an operetta at the theatre, or a concert or dance at the Kurhaus, end a pleasant day mostly spent in the open air.

THE CHAPERON.

The Chaperon at Doncaster—Brilliant House-parties—An Old-world Nobleman—King Edward at Rufford Abbey?—Some Wealthy Beauties—Broken Engagements—November Marriages—Cosmopolitan Alliances.

IN spite of the absence of any members of our own Royal Family, Doncaster meeting has so far proved brilliant, although the racing world feels as keenly as every other section of the community the anxiety occasioned by the foul attempt on the life of President McKinley.

Lord Fitzwilliam is entertaining, with the help of his pretty daughter-in-law, Lady Mary, a number of his friends at Wentworth Wood House, a wonderful old place said to be the largest private house in the kingdom. Lord Fitzwilliam is quite a nobleman of the old school, and not so long ago one of the great Doncaster sights was seeing the Wentworth party arrive, each and all driving in bright-yellow carriages drawn by four horses, while the chariot containing Lord Fitzwilliam and his principal guests was accompanied by outriders.

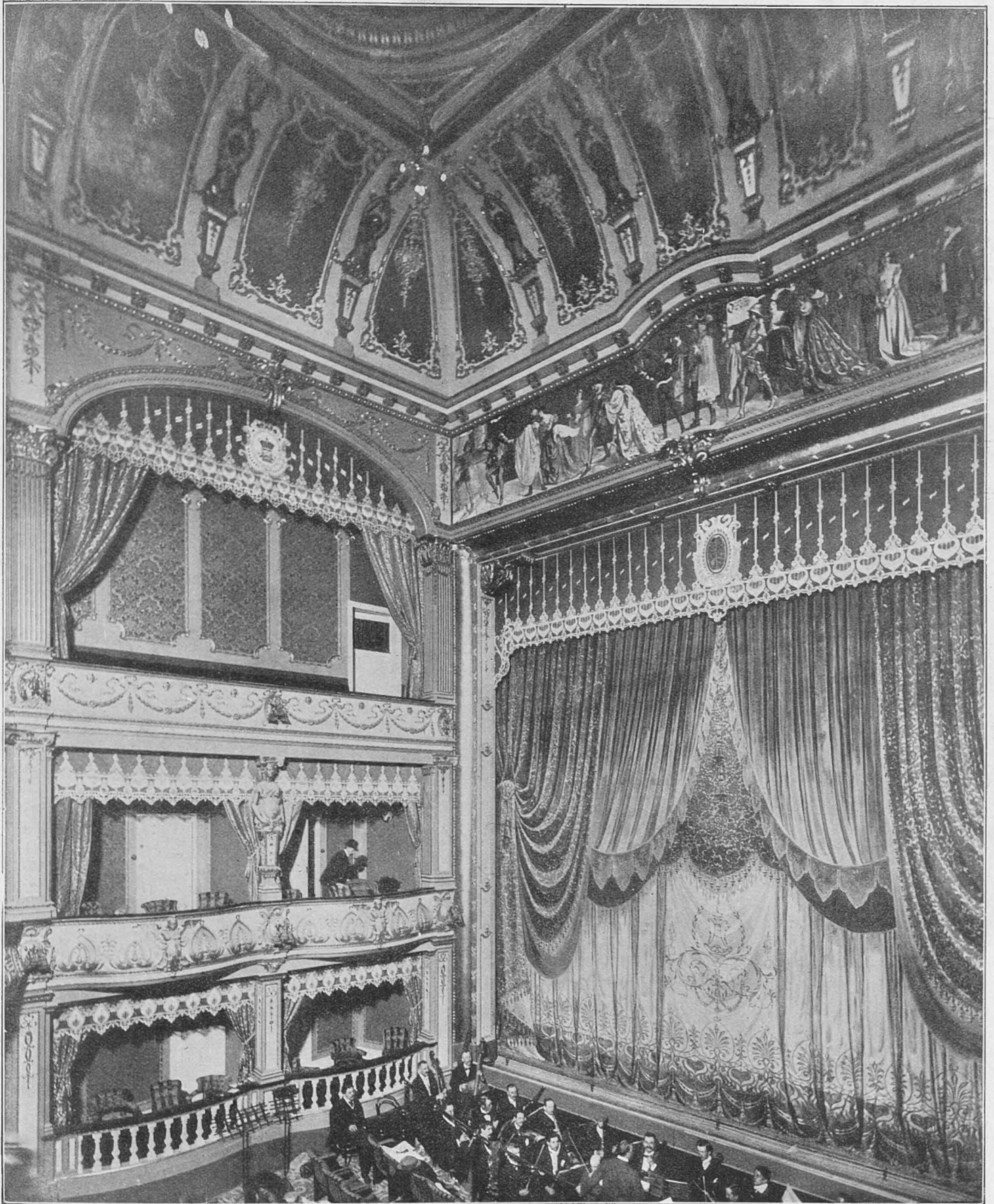
The only "Royal" party this year is being entertained by Lord and Lady Savile. Rufford Abbey is a delightful place where King Edward, as Prince of Wales, was often entertained both by the present Lord Savile and by his uncle, who was one of the most popular men-about-town of the mid-Victorian era. Perhaps the best portrait of the Sovereign—that painted some twenty years ago by an amateur—hangs in the Library at Rufford Abbey, where this week the Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby are enjoying a particularly pleasant form of British hospitality. Lady Savile was, before her second marriage, Mrs. Helyar, of Coker Court, and her young daughter is one of the great heiresses of the day. It is thought in the neighbourhood that King Edward will probably make a stay of a few days with Lord and Lady Savile in November, as the estate, from a sporting point of view, is very noted, partridge-driving having taken place there long before it became as universal as it now is.

Lord and Lady Halifax are also entertaining a party at Hickleton Hall, but the Doncaster house-party is this year, as has been the case for so long, that gathered together by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, who include among their guests some noted beauties—Lady de Trafford, Lady Lurgan, and Lady Norreys—Lord Peel's clever daughter, Mrs. Rochfort Maguire; Lady Colebrooke, who is, if I mistake not, one of Queen Alexandra's handsome god-daughters; Miss Jane Thornewell, the great "Bridge"-player; and among the men, Lord Essex, Mr. Graham Menzies, Lord Villiers, Sir Ernest Cassel, Sir John Willoughby, of Raider fame, and Captain Seymour Fortescue, who was appointed not long ago Equerry to the King. These Tranby Crofters are each and all to be envied, for Mrs. Arthur Wilson is quite an ideal hostess and allows her guests to do very much as they like, while every luxury of modern comfort which imagination can conjure up and which wealth can provide is to be found in Mr. Arthur Wilson's country-house, from which, by the way, the whole party travel to and fro each day to Doncaster by special train. Another popular Doncaster hostess is Mrs. Rupert Beckett. The Lodge, where she and Mr. Beckett are entertaining a small party of friends, is near the course. A pleasant feature of this year's Northern Derby has been the number of men present who twelve months ago were still fighting or equally usefully employed at "the Front."

All sorts of engagements are said to be in the air and on the point of being officially declared. Coronation Year is likely to be noted for the number of maiden heiresses, and several of these fortunate young ladies are exceptionally pretty as well as exceptionally wealthy. Particularly good-looking, for instance, is Miss May Goelet; I remember seeing a delightful portrait of her, painted by Mr. Edward Hughes, which represented the greatest heiress of the day—for her fortune is not in any way dependent on the goodwill or caprice of father or brother—attired in the simplest white muslin frock gathered in at the waist with a blue sash.

Apropos of forthcoming marriages and engagements, the engagement of Lady Mildred Denison and Mr. Somerset Hughes Onslow is ended. Time was when such an announcement would have made quite a stir, for then a marriage publicly announced practically always took place in due course. Nowadays, young people become engaged so quickly, often after an acquaintance of only a few weeks, and they are both, as a rule, so willing to make the fact widely known, that no one can be surprised at the frequent termination of engagements.

To turn to a more cheerful side of the subject, London will be brightened during November by several smart weddings, notably, those of Lady Clementine Hay and Lady Muriel Fox-Strangways, and, very probably, that of Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Miss Dorothy Paget. An interesting engagement is that of the American heiress, Miss Helen Morten, who has been seen a good deal in English Society of late, and who is a sister of Mrs. Eustis, the wife of a popular member of the Diplomatic Corps, to Count Bosen de Perigord. A good many cosmopolitans have also been interested to learn of the engagement of Miss Lena Duff-Gordon to Mr. Aubrey Waterfield. It is said that Colonel Vandeleur, whose Memorial Service on Saturday was attended by so many well-known people, was engaged to a pretty and popular girl, and that their marriage was to have taken place on his return from South Africa. If this be true, it adds a singularly tragic note to the melancholy occurrence. Very impressive was the solemn Memorial Service to the late Colonel Vandeleur held at the Guards' Chapel.



THE CENTURY (LATE ADELPHI) THEATRE: PROSCENIUM AND ROYAL BOXES.

Beautifully bright as the brand-new Century Theatre is, it was impossible to view with admiration the graceful lines of Mr. Ernest Runtz's elegant auditorium without recalling the melodramatic triumphs of "The Dead Heart," "The Colleen Bawn," and "The Harbour Lights," and the artistic masterpieces of "Rip Van Winkle" Jefferson, and other histrionic chefs-d'œuvre at the old Adelphi, on the site of which this magnificent playhouse has been built. Grateful for numberless pleasant evenings at the Adelphi of the past under the spell of Benjamin Webster, Paul Bedford and Johnny Toole, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Dion Boucicault and Joe Jefferson, William Terriss and Jessie Milward, Charles Warner and Harry Nicholls, and under the liberal management of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti—we offer a hearty welcome to Mr. Tom B. Davis in his ivory-and-gold Century palace, where good taste goes hand-in-hand with comfort, and a really splendid frame has been furnished for the successful American musical play of "The Whirl of the Town."

This Photograph is by the London Stereoscopic Company, of Regent Street, W.

DR. KRAUSE

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIM.

DR. KRAUSE, the man of many titles, the Middle Temple man, the first State Prosecutor of Johannesburg, the Governor of Johannesburg, the saver of the Rand Mines, the prisoner on parole, the alleged "Boer spy," is now in hospital quarters at Holloway, and entertains no shadow of doubt as to the result of his trial. He is cheerful patience personified, and, but for the inconvenience of the loss of liberty, would hold the change of residence from Westminster to Holloway worthy of slight consideration. His quiet habits and studious bent probably go a long way towards making incarceration bearable.

The charge of high treason is a grave accusation, but was borne with equanimity by Dr. Krause, on behalf of whom, it is claimed, the oath of allegiance was not taken, the oath of neutrality refused, and only parole given as prisoner-of-war not to escape.

Dr. Krause has a good record. The public memory may recall the way he saved hundreds of lives and thousands of money by the prompt arrest of an intimate friend when the destruction of the Rand mines was imminent.

The photograph here reproduced is the latest taken of him, and is a remarkably good likeness. His figure is athletic and well-built, but has the slight stoop of the shoulders almost inseparable from studious ways



DR. KRAUSE, CHARGED WITH HIGH TREASON IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Photo by Histed, Baker Street, W.

and the "man of many books." With all his love of midnight oil, Dr. Krause is, nevertheless, a keen sportsman and daring rider.

Probably few people noticed in Hyde Park, near the Marble Arch, last January, the clean-shaven, well-dressed, grey-eyed man welcoming Lord Roberts back to England with hearty hurrahs and hand-clapping of the loudest. It was Dr. Krause giving his tribute to a victorious enemy—the illustrious soldier by whose side he rode into Johannesburg—and proving himself, if nothing else, a generous foe.

"ARE YOU A MASON?"

I am informed, and I learn it with pleasure, that Masons need be under no apprehension as to there being anything derogatory to the Craft in "Are You a Mason?"—to be produced by Messrs. Charles Frohman and George Musgrove at the Shaftesbury to-morrow (Thursday) evening. This farcical comedy, adapted from the German by Leo Dietrichsen, an American actor-author, shows how, twenty years or so before the play commences, a certain lady insisted upon her husband becoming a Mason before marriage. The Benedict-elect had no wish to become a Mason, but, seeing in the idea a chance of accounting by "Lodge" calls for any little "night-off" arrangement he might wish to negotiate, he pretended to consent. When the curtain rises, this eccentric couple have a daughter who is sought in marriage by a very worthy young fellow. His future mother-in-law, however, insists that he, too, shall be initiated. You may imagine what complications ensue when a real Mason arrives on the scene.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Sympathy with America—Is He Going to "Lift" the Cup?—Widening London Bridge—A Little London Garden—The Champion County—The Runners-Up—A Consistent Batsman—Well Done, Abel!

THE MAN IN THE STREET" is not in a position to telegraph direct his condolences with Mrs. McKinley and the American people, but he begs very heartily to associate himself with the expression of sympathy which the King, who, in this as in other matters, is the mouthpiece of the nation, has sent across the Atlantic. Any sorrow that touches our kinsmen in the States touches us too, and the sympathy of "The Man in the Street" is as heartfelt and sincere as that even of the American people themselves.

The announcement that the Americans have chosen a yacht to defend the "America" Cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock II.* has given renewed interest to the great yacht-race. As long as they were undecided whether *Columbia* or *Constitution* was to defend, it was impossible to get up much enthusiasm, but, now that the New York Yacht Club have definitely decided on *Columbia*, we all look forward to "lifting that Cup." In spite of some dissentients, there is no doubt that the Club have selected the best boat, and "The Man in the Street" wishes Sir Thomas all good luck, and the best of it, in his plucky and sporting endeavour.

So they are going to widen London Bridge. It is about time that something was done to remove the block in the traffic, and I suppose widening the bridge is about the best way to do it. But I hope that while they are tinkering at the job they will make it wide enough, and also widen the approaches on both sides, or they will make the crush worse than ever. By the way, I notice that artistic people are much concerned lest the beauty of the bridge should be spoiled, but, after all, it will be rather difficult to do that, as the engineers have only to make the new part a copy of the original.

And, talking of bridges, I discovered last Sunday, when I was taking a stroll along the Embankment, the most charming little garden at the side of Blackfriars Bridge, under the Embankment wall. The beds are dug out of the solid concrete and filled with earth, in which huge sunflowers, dahlias, Michaelmas daisies, geraniums, verbena, and lobelia are growing gaily. In the centre is a little pond and fountain with gold-fish. The garden belongs to the river section of the Fire Brigade, and is one of the prettiest and most curious of the out-of-the-way corners of the big city.

The struggle for the County Championship is at an end, and Yorkshire remain easily first. The Champion County has played twenty-seven matches and won no fewer than twenty of them, while it has only lost one, and that, oddly enough, to Somerset, a county which finishes the season last but two. The bowling of Rhodes and Hirst and the all-round excellence of the team won them their position, and this shows that good bowling scores more than good batting, for Sussex, with C. B. Fry and K. S. Ranjitsinhji, finish fourth, after Middlesex and Lancashire.

But the truth is that Middlesex hardly deserve their big position, for they played only eighteen matches against the twenty-eight of Lancashire. The latter, with eleven wins and five losses, are technically inferior to the Metropolitan County, but no one can doubt that they ought to take the second place. The former Champions, Surrey and Notts, are low down, being sixth and ninth respectively, while Gloucestershire is last but one—a very different state of things from that which used to prevail in the days of the Graces.

Other batsmen may surpass Abel in brilliancy, but there is no man who is so consistently good as he is. For seven seasons he has now scored an aggregate of over two thousand runs, and this year he has topped the three thousand. He was only three hundred and fifteen short of this grand total in 1899, and, considering that he is nearly forty-two years of age, he almost enters into comparison with the great "W. G." himself. But, after all, it is not great bats that are chiefly wanted. We have plenty of them, but this season has shown no young bowler coming on to take the place of Briggs and of the men who are passing their first youth. A bowler wears out sooner than a batsman, so don't forget, you ambitious youngsters, that there is more room for a good man with the ball than for one who can only handle the bat.

Hearty congratulations to "Bobbie" Abel on his great feat of surpassing K. S. Ranjitsinhji's great aggregate of 1899. In ordinary circumstances, Abel might have surpassed the record by two or three hundred, but last week he was dogged by persistent ill-luck, and it was only at the last moment that he pulled it off. In the match against Leicestershire at the beginning of the week, he made two in the first innings and a duck's-egg in the second, a sufficiently bad start. Then in the "Rest of England" against Yorkshire he made only five in the first innings, and it seemed as if he might miss beating the record, after all. But in the second innings he made sixty-nine not out, and put the matter beyond all doubt, his aggregate for the year reading 3224, against Ranjitsinhji's 3159 two years ago. He has thus beaten the record by sixty-five runs—a splendid performance.



[Photo by Dinturff and Co., Syracuse, New York.]

MISS EDNA MAY, WHO PLAYS THE BARONESS DE TREGUE.



[Photo by Langflet, Old Bond Street, W.]

MISS EVIE GREENE, WHO PLAYS KITTY.

PRODUCTION OF "KITTY GREY" AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.



ST. VINCENT, CAPE DE VERDE ISLANDS, WHICH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK LEFT FOR QUEBEC ON SEPT. 5.

After an agreeable voyage from the Cape, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York reached St. Vincent, Cape de Verde Islands, in H.M.S. "Ophir" on Tuesday evening, Sept. 3, escorted by the "Juno" and "St. George." "The Sketch" is indebted to Mr. E. S. Hodson, Secretary of the Western Telegraph Company, for the above view of St. Vincent, taken by the Company's Superintendent, Mr. F. B. Foy. The 4th was spent by their Royal Highnesses on board the "St. George" and the "Diadem," while the "Ophir" was coaling. On the 5th, the Duke and Duchess left St. Vincent for Quebec. Canada is preparing a magnificent welcome for the Royal travellers, who are expected home by Oct. 31.

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"KITTY GREY," AT THE APOLLO.

"KITTY GREY" has come to stay, that is certain. She is still a very saucy young lady, though, strange to say, she has become somewhat more prudish and also vastly more entertaining since music has been added to her charms. Indeed, the farcical comedy has developed into one of the most agreeable musical comedies that we have seen, and has the advantage of being far better played than most. A decided "hit" at the Apollo Theatre—Kitty's home for a long time to come—was made by Miss Evie Greene, whose brilliant singing and admirable acting rendered her irresistible. Miss Edna May was fascinating as ever, and in her performance as the prudish wife showed progress in acting and charmed the house by her singing. Mr. Maurice Farkoa, the naughty husband, sang very prettily, and his playing is quite above the ordinary standard of musical-comedy hero. The house was greatly amused by the quaint, dry humours of Mr. Huntley, who will soon be installed as a great favourite for the brainless-masher parts still in favour; and Mr. Angelo was very droll as the King of Illyria, who finds London and irresponsibility delightful; nor should Miss Eva Kelly and Miss Homfrey be overlooked. One complaint *The Sketch* makes, and that is concerning the lack of dancing—perhaps due to lack of dancers. When one looked at Miss Ada Wilson, who was in the house, one sighed for the time, a few years ago, when she delighted the public with her exquisite choreographic work. Where are the dancers gone?

"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."

When Mrs. "Pat" took the town by storm as Paula, some suggested that her triumph was due to mere coincidence of individuality and part; since that time she has shown that they were wrong. The revival enables one to judge how great and rapid has been her advance in technique—an advance which enables her to improve her already wonderful performance and render her Paula really a masterpiece of acting. Mr. Titheradge, the new Aubrey, gives an interesting, able performance; and Mr. George Arliss, if not the best Cayley Drummle, acts excellently and with very valuable effect. Pretty Miss Winifred Fraser, the new Ellean, performs her very difficult task successfully, and Mr. Du Maurier, as Captain Ardale, won fresh honours. The "Orreys" were well placed in the hands of Miss Rose Dupré and Mr. Bromley-Davenport. It may be that the production, as a whole, has less finish in style than at the St. James's, but the great quality of the play asserted itself successfully, and, with Mrs. Campbell in the chief part, the revival is full of vitality.

PUBLIC SPIRIT IN GLASGOW.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Mr. Andrew Carnegie, LL.D., both had the freedom of the City of Glasgow conferred upon them on Tuesday, Sept. 10, after which they were entertained to a banquet in the banqueting-hall of the City Chambers. Sir Archibald Hunter is to have a like honour from Kilmarnock, when presenting the war-medals to the Royal Scots Fusiliers of North Ayrshire in October. The Civic rulers of Glasgow have been having a stirring time lately, since the Exhibition was inaugurated, and have shown great public spirit and hospitality. But they are to have their reward, even in hard cash, for Mr. Simons, of the Exhibition Committee, at a dinner of the Scottish Automobile Club, said the Exhibition surplus might be anything from £80,000 to £100,000, all of which was to be devoted to art. The handsome Art Galleries, partly built from the surplus of the previous Exhibition, represent an outlay of nearly £300,000, so that Glasgow is doing very well in this direction.

Lovers of honest sentiment in fiction will be genuinely pleased with "For All Time," by Clive R. Fenn (Digby, Long). The author is the son of that celebrated writer of stirring romances, Mr. George Manville Fenn.

"The Talk of the Town" is attracting large audiences to the Strand Theatre. On Saturday last, Mr. Arthur Williams, whose engagement at the Criterion Theatre necessitates his removal from the cast, was succeeded by Mr. E. W. Garden in the part of Andrew Fullalove, J.P.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Sovereign in Denmark. King Edward's first visit to Denmark as British Sovereign is in its way an important historic event, and the good Danish folk have given Queen Alexandra's Consort a most affectionate and hearty welcome; while in the neighbourhood of Fredensborg the King has been received with even more outward show of affection, for there the peasants look on

Queen Alexandra and the Empress Alexander.

There is something very touching in the thought that the Queen and her beloved sister, the Dowager-Empress of Russia—or the Empress Alexander, as she prefers to be called—are now occupying the charming, old-fashioned sitting-room which is still known as the "Czar's Study" at Fredensborg. This room forms the centre of a suite of apartments now divided between the two Royal sisters, and since the late Czar Alexander's death it has not been used, everything therein being left in exactly the same order as it was when the "Peace-maker of Europe" last resided there as the guest of King Christian.



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.



THE CZARINA OF RUSSIA.

From Photographs by Pasetti St. Petersburg.

King Christian much as do English villagers on a popular and generous Squire, and every detail affecting his happiness and that of his numerous children is of the deepest interest and moment to these excellent people. A sad gloom overcast Fredensborg last week, when it became known that the second son of the Duchess of Cumberland had died suddenly.

The King's First Visit to Denmark. At the present moment it is interesting to recall our Sovereign's first stay in his wife's native country; this took place thirty-seven years ago almost to a day. The then Prince and Princess of Wales were accompanied by their first baby, and they received a splendid welcome, being entertained with great pomp in the old family Palace of Bernstorff. Then, as now, King Christian's British son-in-law was exceedingly fond of sport, and he greatly enjoyed on that occasion taking part in what must have been pretty familiar to him, namely, a fox-hunt. Her Majesty still preserves among her many little family treasures a breast-pin made out of the tooth of one of the first foxes bagged by the Prince. The Royal couple on this occasion paid a brief visit to Stockholm, and in Sweden great hunting-parties were organised in honour of the future King of England. A feature of the present visit will also be sporting-parties. King Oscar has carefully preserved every kind of game on the lovely island of Hven, and there His Majesty was promised some excellent sport, while the whole Royal hunting-party are to be entertained in real mediæval style at the fine shooting-lodge.

The Czar and Czarina at Fredensborg. Among King Christian's family-party gathered together for a few brief days at Fredensborg last week, none attracted more attention and interest than the young Emperor of Russia and his beautiful Empress. Queen Alexandra accompanied her father when the venerable Sovereign of Denmark journeyed to Copenhagen in order to welcome his grandson and the Czarina; and the Czar, displaying the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, was observed to embrace very heartily his aunt, Queen Alexandra, whom he had not seen since Queen Victoria's death. A splendid banquet was given in the Imperial guests' honour, in the great hall which is the most remarkable feature of Fredensborg. The Czar's visit was very brief, for he left the very next day for Dantzic; while the Empress and her daughters proceeded to Kiel.

Lord Milner and the King. It is not generally known that when Lord Milner was in this country he submitted to the King a geographical chart of his new dominion, the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies. Now, the King is one of the keenest observers of current events, but even he was astonished by Lord Milner's marvellous details. When Richelieu was besieging La Rochelle, for which event Dumas gave him due credit in "The Three Musketeers,"



THE DOWAGER-EMPRESS OF RUSSIA AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT FREDENSBORG.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

he had a perfect plan of the defences of the Protestant city. Lord Milner has, and so has Mr. Chamberlain, and, I suppose, Lord Kitchener, a diagram of South Africa such as ex-President Kruger never had in his possession. The smallest farms are marked out with rigorous accuracy.

Sir Charles E.
Knox, K.C.B.

I am able to give herewith the latest portrait of Major-General Sir Charles E. Knox, K.C.B.

Whether or not my South African correspondent is justified in describing that gallant officer as "The Terror of De Wet," I know not; but, at any rate, General Sir C. E. Knox (by the way, there are

three commanders of the same surname in the field) has been doing splendid service both during the chasing of that elusive Boer General and since. Recommended strongly by Lord Roberts in despatches for his masterly handling of the 13th Brigade in various engagements, the then Colonel Knox was promoted to be Major-General for distinguished service in the field and made Knight Commander of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath. More recently, Sir Charles Knox's four columns have been "sweeping" the Orange River Colony, and he has paid a good deal of unwelcome attention to the ubiquitous Kruitziuger. General Knox has, happily, fully recovered from the wound he sustained in an earlier stage of the War, and he is undoubtedly one of those fortunate officers who have, through their smartness and adaptability, been able to beat the wily Boers at their own particular game.

The Arrest of Dr. Krause.

It would be unfair (writes a correspondent) to comment on the arrest of Dr. Krause, who is very well known in London as an excellent lawyer and a talented man; but I may say this much, that for months past certain Boer agents have been watched, not only in London, but also in Dublin, Brussels, The Hague, and Amsterdam, by English and foreign detectives. It was determined to make an example of the first suspect who came within cognisance of the English law.

Lord Kitchener has ample proof that certain persons now in Europe are not only guilty of high treason (I do not say that Dr. Krause is), but liable, if captured in South Africa, to be tried by drumhead court-martial and executed in the old-fashioned style at daybreak. A man went into a certain public-house one day in last week, got drunk, and then divulged the fact that he was buying ammunition for exportation to Holland. A non-commissioned officer heard his remarks and communicated with—not the War Office—but Scotland Yard. The gentleman in drink was, however, never seen again.

A Paper Invasion of England.

A Colonel Delaunay in the *Vie Illustrée* asserts that the invasion of England would be an easy affair. There is no doubt that Colonel Delaunay is absolutely right. The invasion of England can be accomplished at any moment, but the departure of the invaders is quite a different matter. The last invasion which the French attempted was when they sought at the end of the eighteenth century to raise revolution in Ireland. The invasion was a miserable failure. At Falaise, in Normandy, there is a statue erected to William the Conqueror, Duke of Normandy, King of England. It is the greatest proof of the inability of the French to cross the Channel, for William the Conqueror vanquished the Saxons not with Frenchmen, but with Norsemen, Flemings, and Dutch. Normandy and Brittany were not even French in their allegiance. We shall, however, always be glad to welcome Colonel Delaunay with his motto cribbed from Admiral Jervais, "Every hope is allowable." I remember when Admiral Jervais was at Portsmouth every hope was allowable, but not to the French commander.

The Correspondence of the late Empress Frederick.

It is absurdly untrue that the Empress Frederick before her demise destroyed her correspondence with her mother, Queen Victoria. I have the best reason for stating that His Majesty the King is, or was, in possession of these letters; and, on the face of it, how could the Empress have destroyed despatches sent to this country? The Empress Frederick was not the woman to write anything which would be made public and disclose her intimate association with European politics, but that she inherited the talent of her father, the Prince Consort, and eventually put down her mortal enemy, Prince Bismarck, is an undoubted fact. But far and away the most interesting letters which the Empress Frederick ever wrote were those sent by Her Majesty to her sister, the Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt (then Princess Alice, wife of Prince Louis). I know that in this correspondence certain statements were

made which account for the generous treatment accorded to the Grand Duchy after the great defeat of Austria, Hanover, and South Germany by Prussia. I doubt, however, if these letters will ever be forthcoming. But they were written.

An Interesting Announcement.

The Dutch people, as previously stated in *The Sketch*, are eagerly looking forward to next January, as they hope then to welcome a future King or Queen. The great event is expected to take place at the Palace of The Hague, but till then the Queen and her Consort will reside in the beautiful old Summer Palace of Leo to which they are both so devoted.

Marie Corelli.

At last we are to have an authoritative biography of Miss Marie Corelli, whose romances, I find, are in as high favour as ever with fair readers. Mr. Hutchinson, the publisher of "The Mighty Atom," writes: "My firm has had in hand for some time an important and authoritative volume, to be entitled 'Marie Corelli: Her Life and Works,' which is being written by two well-known authors, to whom Miss Corelli is kindly giving very valuable assistance."

The Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

The well-known saying anent the difficulty of catching a lie, once it has got a fair—or unfair—start, has once more been proved true. Thus, when General De Wet derailed a train at Honing Spruit more than twelve months ago, and two hundred British soldiers were captured, it was erroneously reported that the whole number belonged to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. As a matter of fact, only seventeen "Royal Goats" were among the unfortunate two hundred; but the error was repeated by a leading Telegraphic Agency, has been revived recently in a celebrated novelist's book on the War, and recorded by a Natal paper in its calendar as "Capture of the Welsh Fusiliers, 1900." Naturally, this has been resented by a regiment whose record is second to none in the British Army, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir R. A. W. Colleton, commanding the 1st Battalion, on behalf of his regiment writes from "the Front" to point out that of seventeen hundred of the "Royal Welsh" who have served during the War, in which the regiment has, as always, borne itself nobly, from first to last only thirty-six have been captured, and thirteen of this number were non-combatant invalids captured in a train playfully derailed by our "brother Boers." In justice to the gallant Welsh Fusiliers, Colonel Colleton's protest cannot be too widely circulated.

The late Lieut.-Col. Vandeleur.

Few of the younger officers in the British Army had apparently so bright a prospect as had poor Cecil F. S. Vandeleur, of the Irish Guards, who was killed by the Boers in the recent attack on a train near Waterval. Eldest son of Mr. Hector S. Vandeleur, of Kiltrush House, County Clare, he was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, joining the Scots Guards early in 1889. For so young an officer, he had seen an exceptional amount of service, as his decorations bear witness—in Uganda, on the Niger, with the Egyptian Army, and at Atbara and Khartoum under Lord Kitchener. He had been mentioned in despatches several times, and gained the "D.S.O." for the Nandi Expedition some five years ago. The Geographical Society, too, awarded him the Murchison Grant in 1897 for his surveys in East Africa. When the Boer War broke out, he was appointed Special Service Officer, and filled with conspicuous success various important positions. On the formation of the Irish Guards last year, he was promoted into that regiment as Captain, and only five months ago became Lieutenant-Colonel. Dangerously wounded, he had been invalided home, and on his recovery again went out, to take up a still more responsible post. However, this was not to be, and the one consolation for his untimely fate is that he met it—as a soldier should—in a gallant attempt to defend his charge and protect the helpless women at the Waterval train disaster.



THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL VANDELEUR, D.S.O.,
KILLED IN THE TRAIN DISASTER NEAR WATerval.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

A Smart Military Wedding.

Captain Oswald Ames, of the 2nd Life Guards (who has the distinction of being the tallest officer in the British Army, and who, it will be remembered, was a prominent figure in the Diamond Jubilee Procession, as he rode with the escort of Life Guards), was married on Thursday last at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, W., to Miss Violet Cecil, daughter of the late Lord Francis Cecil, R.N., cousin of the Marquis of Exeter and a relation of Lord Salisbury. The stalwart bridegroom, taller than the tallest of the Lifeguardsmen who lined the centre aisle of the church, made the bride look quite *petite*, although she is well above the average height, as she stood beside him before the altar; but, then, Captain Ames is over six-foot-seven, and broad in proportion. The service, which was fully choral, was performed by the Rev. T. O. Hall, Rector of Stretton, near Oakham (the bride's home), assisted by the Vicar of St. Mark's, the Rev. R. H. Hadden; and Mr. Victor Ames attended his brother as groomsman.

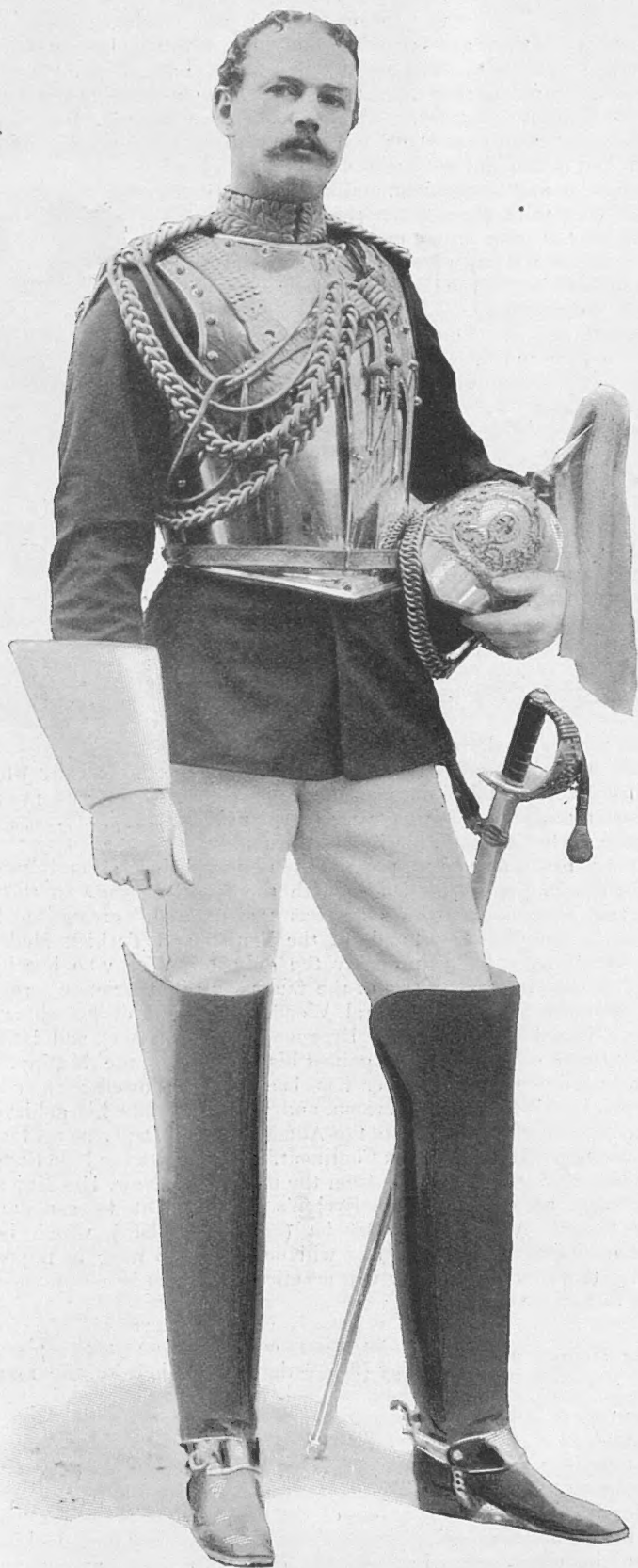
The Bride and her Maids.

In the absence of the bride's step-father, Captain Philip F. Tillard, R.N., who is in command of H.M.S. *Dido*, in Chinese waters, she was led up the aisle and given away by her uncle, Lord William Cecil, M.V.O., and very graceful she looked in her wedding-dress of oyster-white satin, with

swathed bodice, and a large fichu and stole of antique rose-point lace (the gift of her mother). The full Court-train was slung from the right shoulder, and her plain tulle veil covered a small coronet of orange-blossoms on her pretty fair hair, while her ornaments included a pearl necklace, a pearl cluster-brooch, and a pearl pendant. Miss Esterel Tillard (half-sister of the bride) and Miss Eve Ames (niece of the bridegroom) carried her train, and following them walked four bridesmaids, Miss Hilda Wemyss (who is engaged to the bride's brother, Mr. Ean Cecil), the Lady Clare Noel, Miss G. Finch, and Miss Margaret Tryon, who were costumed in white crêpe-de-Chine with white fichus and bunches of violets on the left side, out of compliment to the bride's name, while their large black crinoline hats were adorned with black ostrich-feathers. To each maiden the bridegroom presented a beautifully enamelled "St. George and the Dragon" brooch, which is his family crest, and a bouquet of white roses tied with white satin ribbon. Lady Francis Cecil afterwards welcomed the army of wedding guests at 44, Grosvenor Square (kindly lent for the occasion by the Dowager Countess of Harrowby, great-aunt of the bride), and later in the afternoon Captain and Mrs. "Ossie" Ames left for their honeymoon, which will be spent in Suffolk. A cream serge gown, with a grey travelling-cloak, and a burnt-straw hat trimmed with white silk, composed the bride's travelling-costume. The presents were most magnificent, and included a splendid silver tea-and-coffee service and a large silver tray from the officers of the 2nd Life Guards, and a large silver basket from the non-commissioned officers and men of "A" Squadron 2nd Life Guards.



MISS VIOLET CECIL, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE LORD FRANCIS CECIL, R.N.,
MARRIED ON SEPT. 5 TO CAPTAIN OSWALD AMES.
Photo by Esme Collings, Bond Street, W.



CAPTAIN OSWALD AMES, TALLEST OFFICER IN THE BRITISH ARMY,
MARRIED ON SEPT. 5 TO MISS VIOLET CECIL AT ST. MARK'S, NORTH AUDLEY STREET.

An Historic House.

No. 44, Grosvenor Square, which the Dowager Lady Harrowby lent to Lady Francis Cecil for the wedding reception, is of historic interest, for to that house in June 1815 the first news of the victory of Waterloo was brought to the first Lord Harrowby, who was President of the Council, and it was there that the Cabinet dinner was to have taken place in February 1820, when a band of conspirators had planned to break into the mansion and murder the members of the Cabinet as they sat at dessert. This plot, known as "The Cato Street Conspiracy," was revealed to Lord Harrowby a few days before the dinner by a milkman who served the family, and in whose loft in Cato Street, off the Edgware Road, the conspirators met to discuss their plans. Lord Harrowby, after consulting the Duke of Wellington and Lord Liverpool, decided that no apparent change should be made in the preparations for the banquet; but, by arrangement, the Ministers did not dine at Grosvenor Square on that evening, and the whole of the conspirators were seized in their loft just as they were setting out to commit the deed. They were afterwards hanged, drawn, and quartered, as a wholesome warning to similarly disposed gentry.

London Romance and Crime.

Lord Mayor Frank Green has returned to the Mansion House after a well-earned holiday at the Glasgow Exhibition and at Buxton, where they take the waters. But what a City of strange romance and terrible sensation he has come back to! Surely, neither Dr. Conan Doyle nor Miss Braddon ever evolved stranger fiction than the living history of the opulent lady of seventy-four, named Ann Glover, found wandering about the City, friendless and alone, with £7,500 and much jewellery about her! In the way of adventure, there was the peculiar tale told at Bow Street of the visit of a rich Australian widow, Mrs. Renwick, and her daughter, Daisy, to Paris with George Stevens, *alias* Thompson, and Charles McNelly, or McMay, and the charge of defrauding brought by the widow against the men. In the way of murderous outrages, horrors on horrors' head accumulate. No Paris criminal record ever disclosed a more awful deed than the foul and cruel murder of a publican's young daughter, Alice Dellow, by the draper's assistant, Rayment, under his parents' roof in Kentish Town—capped by the fatal stabbing in Clerkenwell of a benevolent Socialist, Hermann Francis Jung, a working jeweller, by, as it is alleged, Martial Faugeron, a French barber of Soho. Neither Drury Lane dramatist nor imaginative novelist can with reason be accused of exaggeration in the direction of sensation after these horrible crimes.

Women Journalists.

Bright, clever, quick-minded, and wonderfully versatile, the lady journalists of the British Isles do a remarkable amount of good work for the newspapers and reviews; and the Editor of *The Sketch*, with hand to heart, makes a profound obeisance to the leading spirits of the Society



Photo by Esme Collings, Bond Street, W.]
MRS. CECIL JAMES, DAUGHTER OF THE
LATE COLONEL HUNGERFORD POWELL



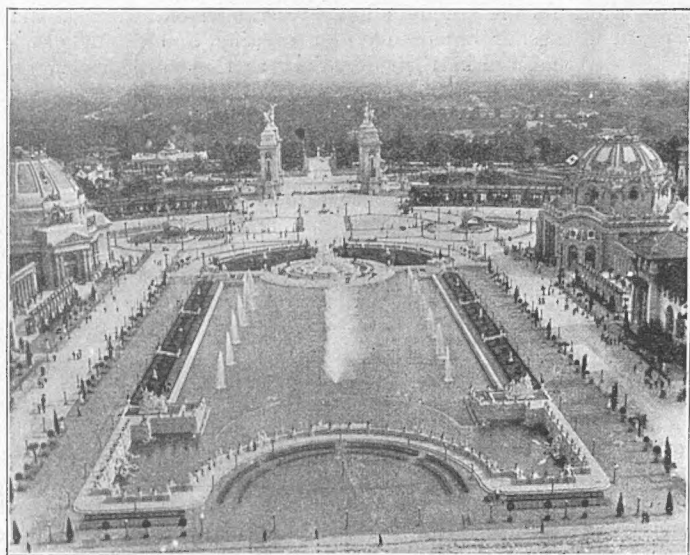
[Photo by Lekegian and Co., Cairo.
LIEUT.-COLONEL DOUGLAS G. PRINSEP,
OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

WHO WERE MARRIED QUIETLY LAST WEDNESDAY AT THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. MARYLEBONE, W.

of Women Journalists, among whom are Mrs. President Stannard (John Strange Winter), Mrs. Arthur W. A'Beckett, Mrs. Charles Greenwood (Honorary Secretary), Mrs. F. Beer, Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, Miss Strutt-Cowell, Mrs. Humphrey (*Truth's* sparkling "Madge"), Miss O'Connor Eccles, Mrs. Crawford (omniscient Paris Correspondent of the *Daily News* and *Truth*), Lady Colin Campbell (the *World's* sprightly essayist), Miss Kathleen Haydn Green (the poetical Lady Mayoress, who has gone in for parables), and Mrs. Jack Johnson, of the *Gentlewoman*, whose urbane Editor, Mr. J. S. Wood, founded this useful Association. The advantages offered by the Society may be gleaned by glancing over the seventh annual report just issued at Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand. They comprise the valuable services of Mr. L. Basil Thomas, Dr. H. Fenton, M.A., M.D., Mr. Thomas Nunn, and of Mr. A. S. Hayman respectively as Honorary Solicitor, Physician, Surgeon, and Dentist to the Society of Women Journalists.

Where President McKinley was Shot.

The Pan-American Exposition of 1901, now being held at Buffalo, United States, opened early in July, has been the scene of a sad tragedy. Perhaps the finest view of the Exhibition is obtainable from the Electric Tower. The elegant buildings, the grand displays of fountains, the museums, and machinery exhibits cover a hundred acres at least, and when the principal tower and temples are illuminated at night the effect is quite fairy-like. A large portion of the grounds is devoted to amusements, shows, and theatres, which may be found in "The Midway," where the clang of numerous bands may be heard all



THE PAN-AMERICAN EXHIBITION, BUFFALO, UNITED STATES.

Two Interesting Engagements.

Among the number of interesting engagements recently announced is that of Mr. Ean Francis Cecil and Miss Hilda Wemyss. Mr. Cecil is an officer in the Lincolnshire Regiment, and the eldest son of the late Lord Francis Cecil, R.N., and Lady Francis Cecil, who resides at a pretty place near Oakham, called Stocken Hall. By the recent decision of the Scotch Courts, Mr. Cecil comes into nearly all the vast wealth left by his grandfather, the late Sir William Cunliffe Brooks. He belongs to the elder branch of the great Cecil family, and is, in fact, the heir-presumptive to his cousin, the Marquis of Exeter, who was, however, married early this year to Lord Bolton's only daughter. Miss Wemyss is the younger daughter of Colonel F. C. Wemyss, one of His Majesty's Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. The other engagement is that of the Hon. Alexander Charles Harris, twin-brother and heir-presumptive to the Earl of Malmesbury, and the Lady Muriel Fox-Strangways, the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ilchester, whose town-residence, Holland House, is of such great historic interest, and abounds with recollections of "the Last of the Dandies" and his compeers. This wedding will take place in town early next month, and is sure to draw a large and fashionable congregation.

Mr. Carnegie and the Pitmen Heroes.

With characteristic generosity, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, or "Dr. Andrew," as he is beginning to be called by the various Free Library Committees that are recipients of his favours, has handed on a hundred pounds to each of the four men, Law, Dick, Sheddon, and Jones, who risked their lives to rescue their entombed comrades in the Donibristle Pit disaster. Mr. Ross, of Dunfermline, Mr. Carnegie's legal agent, who handed on the bounty, said that he found that these men had not sought to posture in public, but were calm and determined, and knew exactly what they were about when they resolved to descend the mine in an endeavour to rescue their fellow-workmen from a slow and painful death. Members of the London Stock Exchange have contributed £250 towards the other rescuers, and Mr. Robert Wallace, Chairman of the Fife and Clackmannan Coal Owners' Association, has given £250 towards the disaster fund.

Miss Nancy Girling.

Miss Nancy Girling, who plays the part of Brenda, Sir Victor Shallamar's niece, in "The Silver Slipper," adds very much to the life and go of this musical comedy in a spirited trio, while in the sedater scenes she acts with point and intelligence. Her taste in dress is most commendable.



MISS NANCY GIRLING,
OF THE LYRIC.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery.

"Soldier and Sailor Too."

Last Saturday saw the completion of General Sir Evelyn Wood's forty-sixth year as a soldier, though, if his previous three and a-half years' connection with the Royal Navy be taken into account, he has almost attained his Jubilee year of splendid service to his country, for it was as a middy that he first came into prominent notice, being severely wounded while carrying a scaling-ladder with the Naval Brigade in the attack on the Redan, for which he was "mentioned," created a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and got the British and Turkish Medals and the Medjidie. He is probably the only Jack Tar who has had the good-fortune to serve in two of the famous "Light Brigade" regiments of Balaclava fame, for General Wood, at the end of his short Naval career, joined the 13th Light Dragoons (now Hussars), and later, with the "Death or Glory Boys," gained his "V.C." in the Mutiny. Since then his distinguished career has been one followed with admiring interest by his fellow-countrymen, and though of late his achievements have been chiefly confined to the Administrative Department, his deeds in various parts of the "Dark Continent," ending with the Nile Expedition of 1894-5, will not soon fade from the memory. Now, His Majesty has graciously approved of Sir Evelyn's appointment to command the new Second Army Corps District (Salisbury Plain), which includes Portsmouth and Plymouth, and will be second to none in importance, seeing that his little Army will practically have to be ready to take the field at any moment.

The Heir to an Earldom.

An interesting coming-of-age took place last Monday (9th)—that of the heir to the Pembroke Earldom. Lord Herbert is of as distinguished parentage as any of his young contemporaries; through his father he is a grandson of the famous Sidney Herbert of Crimean War fame, and through his mother he is descended from the great Lord Durham, and is a nephew of the popular Captain Hedworth Lambton and of the Duchess of Leeds. Lord Herbert is one of the younger officers in the "Blues," but he has not been out to "the Front." He is very good-looking, and he and his eldest sister, Lady Beatrix Herbert, make a handsome couple. Lord and Lady Pembroke have four children—two sons and two daughters; and the younger of the latter, Lady Muriel, will be one of the many pretty debutantes of Coronation year.

day and all night long. The attempted assassination of the President by Nieman took place last Friday, outside the Temple of Ethnology. Profoundest sympathy with the stricken President was at once expressed, King Edward being one of the first to cable a friendly message.

Chat with
Mr. Carton about
his New Play.

It was during the few minutes' interval for refreshment between the morning and afternoon rehearsals of the new Criterion play, "The Undercurrent," that I had the pleasure of a chat with its distinguished author and his delightfully humorous wife, who, as

of person that should ingratiate her with the public, and she has had sufficient dramatic experience in her own land across the seas to enable her to give point and finish to the part which has been assigned to her by Mr. Carton in his play, "Undercurrents," due at the Criterion Theatre next Saturday evening. Miss Robinson's first appearance on the stage was made in New York, after she had run away from school in order to satisfy her dramatic ambitions. Charles Frohman was her manager and "Shenandoah" the play. She also played the *ingénue* part with the well-known comedian, William Crane, in "The Governor of Kentucky." Her last appearances in New York were made in a version of "The Sorrows of Satan," at Broadway Theatre, and, later, the chief part in "The French Maid," at the Herald Square. The only difficulty that Mr. Carton has so far found with Miss Robinson is that she is not sufficiently nasal in her intonation to satisfy the average Englishman's idea of the "typical American."



MISS KATHARINE COMPTON (MRS. R. C. CARTON),
WHO HAS A GOOD PART IN "THE UNDERCURRENT."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MR. R. C. CARTON,
AUTHOR OF "THE UNDERCURRENT," "LIBERTY HALL," ETC.

Photo by Lock and Whitfield, The Common, Ealing

Miss Compton, has contributed to the stage so many brilliant character-studies. I had known a good deal of Richard Claud Carton since he notified his father, the late great eye-specialist, Dr. Critchett, and his brother, the famous ophthalmic surgeon, G. Anderson Critchett, of his, "R. C. C.'s," resolve to go upon the stage, when he played Osric and so forth with Henry Irving. Moreover, I had for long years known Mrs. Carton and all her family, including that splendid Haymarket low-comedian, Henry Compton, born Mackenzie. It was not long, therefore, before this wonderfully clever couple unfolded to me certain details concerning "The Undercurrent," which Messrs. Charles Wyndham and Arthur Bourchier will present at the Criterion next Saturday. Just to whet your appetite, I may relate that "The Undercurrent" is to some extent written around a charming young lady who was born in America of English parents. Her father, an illiterate emigrant, made a fortune in the States, where this damsel has been brought up until she has budded into the sweetest of sweet womanhood. Then, her father having died, she is sent to England—wherein the whole scene of the play is laid—and takes up her abode with her illiterate father's equally illiterate brother, who, although he has never stirred from the Old Country, has also made a fortune. This damsel, to be played by Miss Anna Robinson—a young American actress who thus makes her English debut—is "taken about" by the said gold-laden but grammarless uncle, evidently a fine character, full of humour sandwiched with touches of searching pathos. This niece, as might be expected in the case of one so young and inexperienced and yet so rich, is exposed to certain risks. The uncle is to be played by Mr. Arthur Williams, and a fine impersonation is already assured.

Motto of "The
Undercurrent."

In the motto chosen by Mr. Carton for "The Undercurrent," it is set forth that in most matters, whether social, political, diplomatic, or what not, it is always wise to have at your command "a feminine pilot." This "feminine pilot" is to be enacted by the aforesaid author's aforesaid wife. It seems to be a very fine and dominating character-study, which will give this powerful character-actress splendid scope. For the first time since her striking impersonation of the Princess in her husband's and Mr. Cecil Raleigh's strong and ingenious play, "The Great Pink Pearl," Mrs. Carton will have a foreign part—in short, a high-toned lady of Viennese extraction. This lady pilot, apart from being of important service to the American-born heiress, is also found to be of great use in helping or warning certain lovers and other necessary members of the *dramatis personæ*, including a bold and breezy country magnate, to be played by Mr. Bourchier, and particularly a certain young and dangerously impulsive wife, to be impersonated by that brilliant and intense actress, Mrs. Bourchier (Miss Violet Vanbrugh). I think, when I mention that those clever actors, Mr. Eric Lewis (with piano fantasias) and Mr. Ernest Hendrie, have both fine characters, with many a "social" wheeze, and that the chief scene of "The Undercurrent" takes place at a Marquis's castle not unlike that possessed by a certain universally honoured English Peer, I have perhaps said enough for the present.

Miss Anna
Robinson.

It was in the part of an American that Miss Fay Davis made her first success in London at the Criterion Theatre. It is as an American girl Miss Anna Robinson will make her debut also at that home of comedy which Charles Wyndham has made famous. Miss Robinson has graces

"B.-P." and his
Father's Portrait.

Major-General Baden-Powell, while waiting at Hawick Station on his way to the North, amused himself by discussing his letters in the waiting-room, shook hands with some Volunteers who were *en route* like himself, and received a small present for which the donor was duly thanked. He has been playing golf at Carrbridge, a hamlet on the Dulnan Water, much affected by the late Professor Calderwood, twenty-four miles south-east of Inverness. While here he received the anonymous gift from Edinburgh of a portrait of his father, the Rev. Baden-Powell, Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford, done in 1858. The General is much pleased with the portrait, although an opportunity was not afforded him of thanking the donor directly.



MISS ANNA ROBINSON, WHO IS TO PLAY IN "THE UNDERCURRENT," AT
THE CRITERION.

Photo by Reullinger, Paris.

A Rational Temperance Crusade.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times at the commencement of the New Century is the evident strengthening of the Temperance Movement in this country. Various agencies are bringing about this satisfactory reform, of immeasurable advantage to the health and welfare of the nation. Of potent influence, in the first place, is the



THE HON. MRS. BERTRAND RUSSELL.
Photo by J. Palmer Clarke, Cambridge.

opinion of Society, which now regards drunkenness as a grave offence, whereas the vice was laughed at a hundred years ago. Music, wholesome recreation in public parks and People's Palaces, the notable increase of bright and healthy homes for the working classes, and the remarkable spread of late of attractive tea and coffee saloons by successful Limited Liability associations—such as the Aerated Bread Company, Lyons and Co., Lockhart's, the British Tea-Table Company, and "Pearce and Plenty"—have contributed vastly to popularise Temperance in our midst.

Lady Henry Somerset Lectureship.

None the less should we value the praiseworthy labours of those pioneers who have nobly devoted their lives to enhance the happiness of the Kingdom by discouraging the consumption of intoxicating drinks. Lady Henry Somerset is one of these zealous social reformers. An admirable project is on foot, under the auspices of Mrs. Pearsall Smith, a veteran worker in the Temperance cause, and her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell, to found a Lady Henry Somerset Lectureship in connection with the London University. In a reasonable and temperate circular, these ladies say: "Temperance advocates have been working faithfully for more than fifty years. They have won thousands of recruits for the Temperance cause, they have accomplished the regeneration of countless individuals whose lives seemed ruined by drink, and they have educated many of the children of the country on the evils of the liquor traffic. . . . We believe it would be a good thing if Temperance people could have a Professor or Lecturer of their own at the new London University, lecturing regularly every session on some aspect of the Temperance problem, and bringing to bear upon it the eager spirit and trained mind of the scientific investigator.

Temperance Lectures.

"To endow a regular Professorship would cost a great deal of money, but a beginning might be made if we could guarantee £100 a-year for three years, to be paid for courses of lectures on different aspects of the Temperance problem. The new building of the Faculty of Economics and Political Science of the London University (given by Mr. Passmore Edwards, so well known for his public-spirited generosity) is to be opened shortly, and there could then be started a 'Lady Henry Somerset Lectureship,' in honour of this earnest Temperance worker, and in her spirit of impartial consideration of facts and research after truth. We shall be very glad to receive any subscriptions or donations for the fund, and, in asking for your support, we feel that we are counting with security on the co-operation of those who have realised that an intelligent knowledge of the whole Temperance question is one of the most important preparations for Temperance work." All contributions

for the "Lady Henry Somerset Lectureship" should be sent to Mrs. Pearsall Smith, or the Hon. Mrs. B. Russell, 44, Grosvenor Road, Westminster, S.W.

The School of Economics.

The School of Economics and Political Science to which this Lectureship would belong has hitherto been carried on with excellent results at 10, Adelphi Terrace; but the bounty of Mr. Passmore Edwards has provided the commodious new School. The Passmore Edwards Hall, the first new University building to be erected, is situated in Clare Market, near the Courts of Justice, and almost on the line of the projected new street from Holborn to the Strand, on a site provided by the London County Council. It has been designed by Mr. Maurice B. Adams, F.R.I.B.A.; the foundation-stone was laid by the late Bishop of London on the 2nd of July last year; and the School has been built by Mr. Howell J. Williams, of Bermondsey Street, S.E.

The British Association at Glasgow.

It is just sixty years since the British Association, which begins its annual session in Glasgow to-day, was instituted, and a quarter of a century since it met in the Second City. The present is the fourth occasion the Association has chosen Glasgow as its meeting-place, the Exhibition this season in that city having, no doubt, been a determining factor in the choice. While the subjects discussed in the various sections of the Association are serious enough, and humour plays an exceedingly small part in its proceedings, the Association has every now and again been subjected to good-natured banter. Perhaps the cleverest verses written on the great annual congress of scientists are those entitled "The British Ass." They came from the sprightly pen of the late Sheriff Nicolson, and can be judged by the following two stanzas:

Some men go in for Science,
And some go in for Shams;
Some roar like hungry lions,
And others bleat like lambs;
But there's a Beast that at this Feast
Deserves a double glass,
So let us bray, that long we may
Admire the British Ass!

On England's fragrant clover
This beast delights to browse,
But sometimes he's a rover
To Scotland's broomy knowes;
For there's the plant supplies his want,
That doth all herbs surpass,
The Thistle rude—the sweetest food—
That feeds the British Ass!

The New M.P. for Andover.

The election of Mr. Edmund Beckett Faber, a Director of the London and North-Western Railway, Chairman of the *Yorkshire Post*, and a partner in the Leeds banking firm of Beckett and Co., as member for the Andover Division of Hants adds another to the pairs of brothers who have seats in St. Stephen's. In the case of the brothers Faber, both occupy—or, more correctly, will occupy—the same side of the House. The returned M.P. is the elder brother of the member for York City; he is a nephew of Lord Grimthorpe, and a cousin of the late Mr. Andrew Montague, the millionaire North Country squire who refused a Peerage.



LADY HENRY SOMERSET, A ZEALOUS SOCIAL REFORMER.

The bulk of his cousin's wealth went to Mr. George Faber, but Mr. Edmund, who is unmarried, received a legacy of £10,000. At the last General Election, Mr. Edmund Faber, it may be recalled, unsuccessfully contested the Pudsey Division of Yorkshire.

La Belle Kerro.

La Belle Kerro, the celebrated French "Danseuse Espagnole," has been resting at her house in London after a prolonged tour of the Russian Capital and other principal cities. She is now on the point of beginning a fresh series of triumphs at the Eldorado, Ostend, whence she proceeds to fulfil numerous other engagements on the Continent. She recently celebrated the occasion of her departure by a dinner and musical evening attended by many well-known figures in dramatic, musical, and journalistic circles.

Shooting at Rambouillet.

M. Loubet, in company with a few guests (writes my Paris Correspondent), has opened the shooting season at Rambouillet. The Presidential invitations are given in turn to the Corps Législatif, the Senate, the heads of the Army, the Law Courts, the Diplomatic Corps, &c., and, as last year, to the Grand Dukes of Russia. There are never more than eight or ten guns, and the President contents himself with doing the honours of these occasions with hearty cordiality.

A Forest Lunch.

The guests for the Rambouillet shooting-parties leave Paris in the Presidential car at 8.40, and, arrived at their destination, they find carriages waiting to conduct them to the château. The lunch, when there are distinguished foreigners, as last year the Grand Dukes, takes place at the château, but in general it is served in the forest at the rendezvous. In either case, it is very simple, and is composed invariably of the same menu: an omelette, roast goose, pâté brought from Paris, the whole washed down with excellent wine. M. Loubet brings to these repasts a good-humour which puts everybody at his ease. Towards five o'clock the President and his guests take the train which brings them back to Paris.

The Czarina and France.

Whether the Czarina, in the conventional locution, "adores France" or not is her own secret. She certainly cannot be insensible to the delicate tact with which the French have wooed her and laid their hearts at her feet. What seemed to interest her most in France on her previous visit were the accomplishments of the notable women of France. On the occasion of a reception at the Louvre, to which the more famous artists were invited to meet the Imperial Russian guests, the only person whom the Empress expressed a special desire to meet was Rosa Bonheur. Stupefaction of the Committee, and blushes, for they had forgotten her altogether. The great woman painter had probably not been bidden to any solemnity at Paris since the days of the Empress Eugénie—that is to say, for over thirty years. Parisians looked with wonder at the little old woman thus resuscitated, and who, thanks to the attentions of the Empress, became the most conspicuous artist at the fête. This special attention of the Empress of Russia was the last public honour Rosa Bonheur ever received.

Another day, when the Imperial guests visited Versailles, the Empress persisted in mounting to the attic to see the portraits of Orleans and Bonaparte women, and insisted notably on seeing the works of Madame Vigée Lebrun. Seeing which, the French Government, with admirable tact, instructed the Gobelins to execute in tapestry a copy of Madame Lebrun's portrait of Marie Antoinette and her children. This piece of tapestry, a marvellous reproduction, was completed and presented to the Empress last year.

The Czarina's Statues at Paris.

But the most conspicuous homage the French have offered the Czarina is to be found in the four statues at the feet of the four pylônes of the Alexander III. Bridge—so greatly admired at the Paris Exhibition. The most casual observer can see that the model inspiring these figures was not French, and that neither was it Greek. The word of order was certainly given, for these statues, made by four sculptors, are all inspired by the face and figure and carriage of the Empress of Russia. One of them is a remarkable portrait. These statues symbolise French history divided into four periods, and are very noble.

A Fresh Gift for the Czarina.

The French Government has a present all ready to offer to the Empress on the forthcoming visit. It is even now waiting at Compiègne. It is a dinner-table *surtout*, composed of thirty pieces. The thirty pieces are thirty statuettes, each some fifteen inches high, in Sèvres biscuit, pure white. Some readers may have seen them last year in the annexe of the Sèvres

exhibit at the Paris Exhibition. They represent dancers in flowing, crimped draperies, two of them playing on double pipes. They are of indescribable elegance and grace; they are also of inestimable value, for they are of very pure art and each piece is unique.

"Dagonet" in Paris.

Passing the Café de la Paix, the other night (continues the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*), I saw a gentleman who vaguely recalled to me Mr. George R. Sims, but whom I was afraid to address, as he was exactly ten years younger in appearance than that popular writer seemed when I saw him last, and it was only a friendly wave of the hand that assured me that the secret of perpetual under-forty-ness had been discovered by "G. R. S." We chatted for a long time, but I could not get "Dagonet" to take a sullen interest in the latest articles of Deroulède, Millevoye, Drumont, and so forth, all indicating the end of England at "Twopenny Tube" rates. He persisted in pointing out that it was a man's own fault if he ever got old in the brain, and the life of the boulevards, with its swing and swish, delighted him like a schoolboy. I was glad to spend this pleasant hour. It was refreshing to see a man who has forgotten more of the Continent than most people

have ever known fully alive to the gaiety of Lutetia, while before him wandered a crowd of young English people who discussed the pre-Raphaelite movement, apparently under the impression that "Raphael" was the telegraphic address of Raphael Tuck.

The Art of Eating.

The good folk of Nantes are about to inaugurate the statue of Charles Monselet, whose claim for recognition is that he knew how to eat and proudly gave to the world the recipes of his *plats* in a journal that he published himself—pretty much like the late George Augustus Sala. His idea was that the ordinary man simply took food for nourishment, while the man of education knew how to eat. He always pictured the digestive organs as a sleeping animal in a man's body. Well fed and properly fed, it was in good humour, and its feeling affected the man. Badly nourished, it rendered its "owner" irritable and indifferent. What maddened Monselet was the modern French restaurant, where in one and the same oven a dozen different viands were being cooked. He contended that you ate nothing with its actual flavour, but simply a mosaic of many-named dishes. He certainly deserves a statue; but I am afraid that his object in life has not been achieved.

Distinguished English Visitors in Berlin.

On Sept. 2 (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*), a very distinguished body of visitors were invited by the German Emperor to be present at the "Gefechtsübung," or practice-fight, near Berlin. Originally it had been intended to hold the usual Autumn Parade; this year, however, owing, it is said, to illness in one of the German regiments, it was decided to abandon the parade in place of a small sham-fight. The English gentlemen who were so highly honoured by His Majesty are Sir William Crundall, Deputy-Chairman of the Dover Harbour Board; Mr. Worsfold Mowll, the Register (not Registrar) of Dover Harbour; Captain John Iron, the Harbour-Master; Mr. Coode, of Coode, Sons, and Co.; and Mr. H. Walmisley, the engineer of Dover Harbour. It will be remembered that when the German ship *Stein* arrived at Dover the Germans were most enthusiastically received by the Dover authorities and were generally fêted and made much of. The German Press, with its usual method, ignored the whole proceeding as much as possible, being, seemingly, intent on fostering enmity rather than amity between Germany and England. At the time of the *Stein's* arrival at Dover, it was stated that the German Emperor was seriously contemplating the advisability of arranging with England for the use of Dover Harbour as a port of call. The above-mentioned gentlemen have therefore journeyed to Berlin to discuss the whole matter.

Prince Chun's Arrival at Potsdam.

Prince Chun has at length really arrived. It was truly an interesting event from whatever standpoint it may be viewed. Half-an-hour before the train steamed in from Magdeburg, a whole host of inquisitive Germans had taken their places in the waiting-rooms, and, while drinking their beer, looked on with amusement at the nine members of the Chinese Legation. They were a funny, almost grotesque, medley, the people in this waiting-room—Chinese, Germans, a few Americans, a motley crew of reporters, and the lace-adorned Imperial servants from the Castle.



LA BELLE KERRO, THE CELEBRATED FRENCH "DANSEUSE ESPAGNOLE."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



LETTERS TO DOLLIE—WITH FOREIGN POSTMARKS.

I.

A Few Introductory Words—I Start from Fenchurch Street—The Story of a Corkscrew—Gothenburg—Some of My Fellow-Travellers—The Arrogance of "Good Sailors"—A Bottle of Beer at Marstrand.

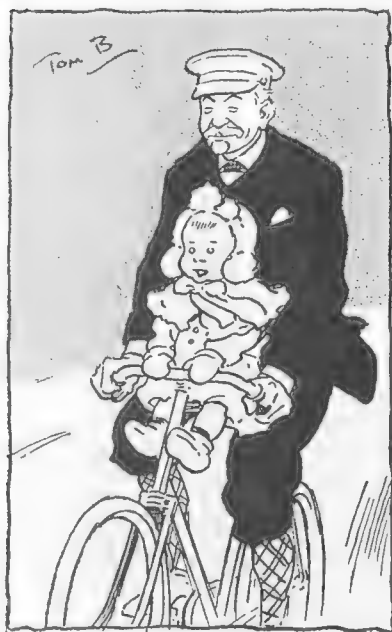
PARTLY for your sweet sake, dear Dollie, and partly for the benefit of my health, I have recently been for a little holiday-trip of some two thousand miles, during the course of which I visited six countries, was twice sea-sick, once shipwrecked, and not infrequently robbed. However, if I can but manage to amuse you with an account of my experiences—and, incidentally, get back a few of the roubles, kroner, and marks that the dear foreign folk insisted on accepting from me—I shall be quite ready to endorse the good old proverb, "All's well that has a silver lining." In any case, mind you, I should scorn to buoy up my sinking spirits with the sailor's motto, "Where there's a will there's a way."

I started from Fenchurch Street Station, then, with a tear in my eye and a bottle of whisky in my bag. The former was to be taken with a pinch of salt and the latter medicinally—or with soda. Having been warned beforehand by my friends—some of whom would far rather stay at home than start without a tear in the eye—that a whole bottle of whisky was considered an unsportsmanlike article by the Custom House officers at the other end, I lit a cigarette in the refreshment-room, and, on the strength of so great patronage, borrowed a corkscrew from a kind lady in a tight-fitting black dress, who stood on the side of the counter that you pull the handles to—from—to and from. I have that corkscrew now, and even as I write it lies before me on my desk and smiles a crooked smile—like Grizel's. Ah, little one, you have tasted some strange liquids since you left your dear mistress with the beautiful front-curls at Fenchurch Street! I hasten to add that people kept on borrowing the instrument.

At Tilbury Docks, I stepped aboard a tender and was conveyed to a boat bound for Gothenburg. Gothenburg, dear Dollie, is a seaport town

on the west coast of Sweden, and, if you will look it up in your geography-book some wet evening after dinner, you will find that it boasts a population of more than a hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants. When you go there yourself, you should make your way to the Botanical Gardens—this advice isn't in the geography-book—and have some *poussch* (If that's not the way to spell the word, I don't mind a bit. It just means punch, and is good enough for you or me if we take it as that).

On the boat that took me to Gothenburg there were at least three amusing people. One was a member of the Denmark Hill Corelli Society. He had red hair and a red moustache, and was the kind of shining light who is usually relied upon by Mrs. Nearly-Smith and Mrs. Nolonger-Brown to be the first blind-man in Blind Man's Buff and to be very funny at supper-time on still lemonade and tongue-sandwiches. He sat



THE STAPLE PASTIME OF GOTHENBURG.

next to me, did this youth, at the table, and, just to put me at my ease when I ventured to trouble him for the salt, informed me genially that we "shouldn't be so polite to each other later on." I was willing, I may tell you, to believe him, particularly when he put his elbow in my plate in making a wild grab for the mustard.

There were also two ladies in a cabin near to mine, both of whom

were supposed to be sea-sick, and both of whom had talked volubly for upwards of three hours. Then one of them showed signs of fatigue, and her friend, noticing this with joy, said sympathetically, "Does it make you feel worse to talk, dear?"

"Yes," said the other, "I think it does."

"Oh, well!" said the first, "don't you trouble. I'll talk, and you lie quiet."

"Very well, dear," said the other, and then they both rattled on about nothing whatever until all was grey with the first streaks of the approaching dawn.

By the way, talking of sea-sickness, if there are in existence any more arrogant people than so-called "good sailors," I pray that it may never be my ill-luck to run across them. I met two men on the boat, both of whom prided themselves on the fact that they couldn't be ill if they tried. When the ship began to roll, they would whip out cigars, light them ostentatiously, and strut up and down the deck for all the world like a low-comedian who has outwitted the villain in a melodrama. Or else they would look up with some surprise when the ship gave a terrific lurch and observe that there was a "little bit of motion on." Once, when I was green all over, one of them went so far as to slap me on the knee and tell me that dinner was ready. I assure you, dear Dollie, as I am, I would, at that emptied him into the sea with his drowning struggles with the

In due time, and after paying meals that I didn't eat, I arrived

that, mild old thing moment, have delight and watched keenest enjoyment. in full for all the at Gothenburg and



I STARTED FROM FENCHURCH STREET.

examined the town forthwith. The staple industry, I may tell you, is *Dam-frisering*, or hair-dressing. Everybody does everybody else's hair for them, and so the money is kept circulating. The staple pastime is riding about on a bicycle with a small child wedged in between the saddle and the handle-bars. I don't know where all the children come from, but it stands to reason that the people of Gothenburg must use up a good many every year in this way. It is almost as cruel a fashion, to my mind, as slaying small birds for the adornment of hats.

Whilst I was staying at Gothenburg, I went to Marstrand—a two hours' journey by boat. Marstrand is a quiet little village tucked away among the islands, and is a favourite summer-resort of the King of Sweden. Here it was that I bought some beer in a shop that wasn't fully licensed, and had to go into the street before I might draw the cork. I don't think people draw corks, as a rule, in the street at Marstrand, because the local policeman seemed so uneasy in his mind about me, and kept peeping round the corner of a house to see how I was getting on. I think, if he had known how to set about it, he would probably have taken me up. As it was, I toasted him in Pilsener and sent him blushing away.

After that, I breakfasted at the hotel, and spent a delightful afternoon beneath the trees watching the boats and the villagers. There was a private yacht anchored in the bay, and my waiter paid me the compliment of mistaking me for the owner. He didn't say so in as many words, but I detected the subtle flattery in the amount of my bill, and declined the honour with some emphasis. This was the only disturbing incident during the whole of that idyllic day.

P.S.—I shall probably spend my honeymoon at Marstrand.

Chicoré



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME AT HOME: READY FOR LAWN-TENNIS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.



A delightful Watering-Place to winter in, as well as to pass the Spring, Summer, or Autumn vacation in, Bexhill-on-Sea occupies a picturesque site in a beautiful Sussex Bay between Eastbourne and Hastings. Bexhill has developed with extraordinary rapidity of late, thanks in a great measure to the enterprise and encouragement of Earl De la Warr, who has spared nothing to add to its attractiveness as a reposeful pleasure-resort, to its salubrity as a residential town.

There is something in the soft sea-air of Bexhill which is peculiarly invigorating and enlivening. You may take train from town thoroughly fagged and "run down," and after a dinner at the Sackville, and a good night's sleep in that commendably comfortable, luxurious, and admirably managed establishment of the Frederick Hotels, Limited, you awake with the appetite of a hunter and relish breakfast as you may not have done for months. This feeling of exhilaration, this "joy of life," so to speak, will be found to increase with the daily swims and the drives amid the most luxuriantly wooded country in the vicinity of Bexhill.

The Sackville Hotel is most deservedly in great favour with a high class of visitors. It is replete with all the comforts of a beautiful home. Facing South, the Sackville commands extensive views of the English Channel, ranging from Hastings to Beachy Head. It has accommodation for two hundred guests within the hotel, and a large, terraced garden at the back, with Tennis Courts and Croquet Lawns, providing abundant amusement; likewise plenty of good stabling. The indispensable electric-light makes the dining-rooms and bedrooms acceptably bright at night. The good taste which is a distinguishing feature of the Frederick Hotels is recognisable in the spacious Hall, the cosy Lounge, bright Dining-room, charming Drawing-room, snug Smoking-room, and sociable Billiard-room of the Sackville. To crown all, the Sackville boasts a *chef* of deserved renown for the excellence of his dishes.

The Lord of the Manor and Countess De la Warr have made a veritable treasure-house of their quaint, old-fashioned home, the Manor House, beneath whose spreading trees pastoral plays have been enacted and abundant hospitality has been genially offered at summer garden-parties. Within a few miles are Normanhurst Court (the country seat of Lord Brassey, Lady De la Warr's father), the fine old ruins of Pevensey Castle, Battle Abbey, and Hurstmonceaux Castle, historic places of abiding interest.

Not averse to take a desirable leaf from our Continental friends, Bexhill has its Kursaal, whose musical entertainments have become of repute under the discriminating and able direction of Mr. J. M. Glover, the clever composer and energetic Director of the Drury Lane orchestra.



THE SACKVILLE HOTEL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA, OWNED BY THE
FREDERICK HOTELS, LIMITED.

Concerts are given at the Kursaal all the year round, and are of such excellence as to be widely appreciated. There is, furthermore, on the Marine Parade a band-stand, in which overtures, waltzes, marches, and selections are played to perfection. This is as it should be. We cannot have too much good music at our pleasure-resorts.

When it is added that Golf Links have also been provided at Bexhill, and when it is repeated that the pure, fresh air there is vitalising to a rare degree, enough has been said to recommend this health-giving Watering-Place to readers of *The Sketch*.

What glowing images of golden sunsets and of silvery moonlit seas are stored up after a quiet Bexhill holiday! What fishing in the bay! What glorious swims over the refreshing Channel wavelets! Each salient feature, each landmark of one's favourite Watering-Place, becomes endeared to one's memory! The Marine Mansions facing the well-ordered green pleasure and the ever-moving sea flecked with dazzling lights and cloud-shadows; the rejuvenising "constitutional" on the De la Warr Parade; the cheering afternoon-tea in the beach-tent; the well-kept cycle-track; the rustic lanes to ramble in; the fine old Parish Church, with its frescoed chancel; the grand old walnut-tree which Bexhill carefully preserves; and, above all, the hearty friendliness of one's reception, cannot fail to be recalled in thinking over one's last visit to this supremely healthy Sussex resort, which is being rendered more and more easily accessible from town by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Management.

Speaking of the health-laden breezes of Bexhill-on-Sea, an accomplished writer thus neatly weaves together the historic associations of the place: "Those same breezes, by the way, blew Duke William across from Normandy, and gently beached his boats on the shelving shingle of Pevensey Bay, that sweeps round from Bexhill to Eastbourne. Harold had taken the precaution to post an outpost on Bexhill, but the men had straggled off to Hastings, probably for mead, and, naturally, went to sleep. Had they remained at



THE MUSICAL KURSAAL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

Bexhill, the air would have kept them wakeful, alert, and hungry, to the altering of history, and the discomfiture of future generations, whose pride in life it was to be that their ancestors 'came over with William the Conqueror.' Bexhill stands guard on the eastern horn of the wide bay, over against Eastbourne, plainly visible in the clear air, and in between is a string of Martello Towers, each carrying a heavy traverse-gun, which were built just on the mark of the high tide, when Napoleon was gathering his fleet of flat-bottomed boats on the other side, with the object of emulating Duke William. Many a sea-rover has cast his hawk glance on Pevensey Bay, with thoughts of a sudden landing and a swift raid through the marshes up into the fat lands of Sussex, and many an armed warrior has kept anxious watch on Bexhill, ready to call the men to arms, for here we are on the most vulnerable spot on the coast of England, with the hoary ruins of Pevensey Castle as a visible sign of desperate defence and determined assault, in the red records of invasion by Romans, Saxons, Dane, and Norman, the four races who welded the British into a nation of tougher fibre."

For the views reproduced we are indebted to Messrs. Curzon, Robey, and Co., Limited, 7, Newman Street, W., which firm has issued a readable illustrated Guide to Bexhill-on-Sea.

The New Palace Steamers Management announce that *La Marguerite* will make a special trip to Dunkirk on the 17th or 18th inst. (whichever date is fixed for the Naval Review), to view the French Fleet which is there to be reviewed by the Czar of Russia; leaving Tilbury at about 8.30 a.m. There will be special first-class trains leaving Fenchurch Street at 7.30 a.m. and St. Pancras at 7.5 a.m., fare for the return journey one guinea, but only a limited number of tickets will be issued. This vessel will continue her trips to Boulogne and Ostend until Thursday, 19th inst., and on Sunday, 15th, will make a special trip to Calais and back, calling at Southend and Margate. The Palace Steamer *Royal Sovereign* will continue sailing to Margate until Monday, 23rd inst., but will cease going to Ramsgate.

THE CENTURY THEATRE STAGE.

WITH SOME MEMORIES OF THE ADELPHI STAGE.

IN the matter of theatre-stages, improvements become more and more marked as time rolls on. For example, it is not so very long ago that the fine stage especially constructed by the Messrs. Gatti

FOR THE ADELPHI,

for the exploitation of the melodramas in which poor William Terriss figured, was regarded as one of the finest stages ever seen in any theatre. Yet lo! in transforming the Adelphi into the beautiful Century Theatre, Mr. Tom B. Davis has provided his tenants, Messrs. George B. McLellan and Frank De Jong, with

A NEW STAGE

which beats even the Gattis' record in this connection.

It is well that this is thus, for, as a matter of fact, the new kind of fare to be provided by the Century Theatre's lessee will not only need

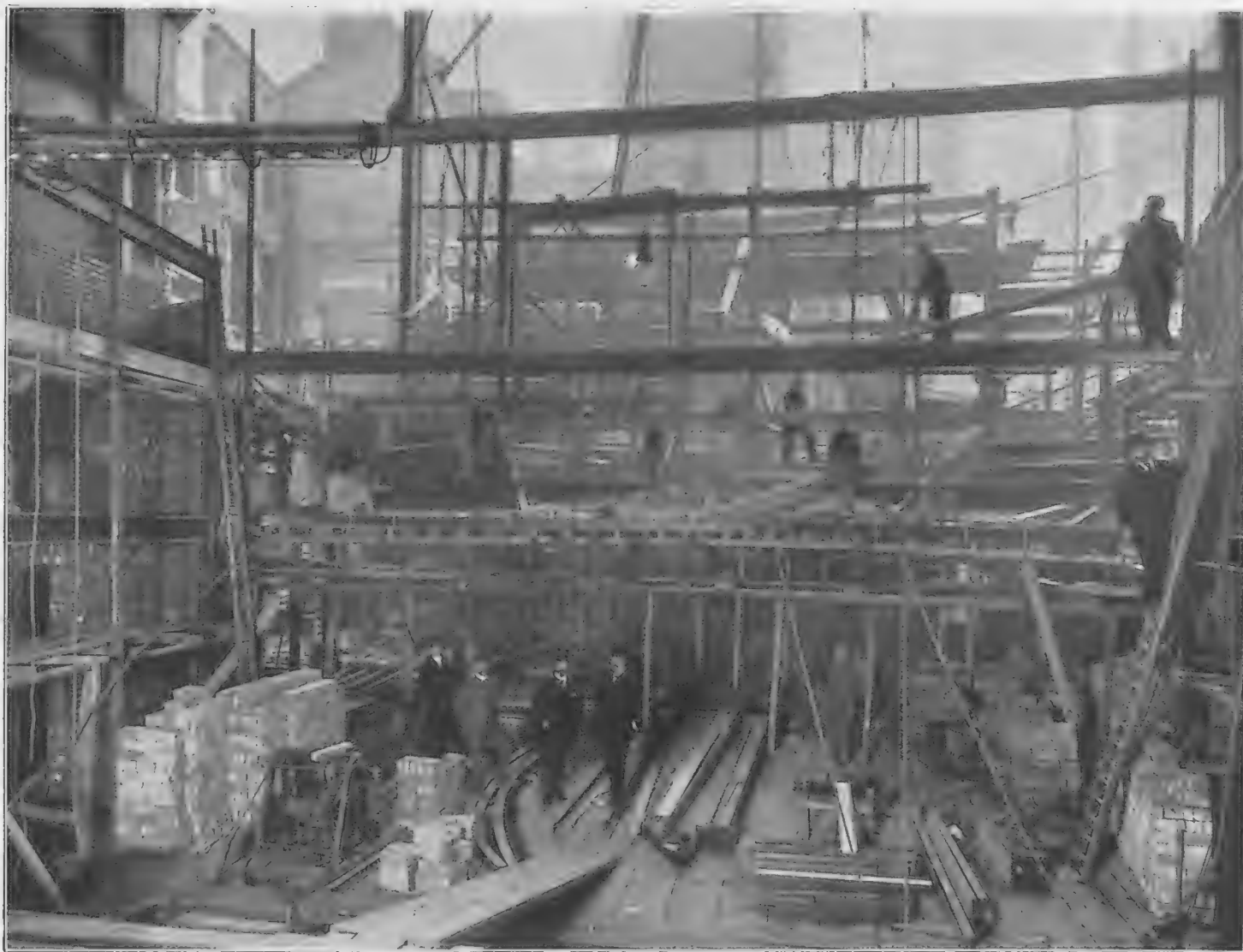
But, to return to my subject, another matter recurred to me while I was thus exploring. It was concerning my first experience of

THE ADELPHI'S OLD STAGE,

in Ben Webster's time. I was only a little lad, but I had occasion to go to this theatre, on business bent, one evening towards the end of a performance of "The Dead Heart." I was taken down to the wings and placed in a pitch-dark corner by the prompter's box—as my conductor supposed—to wait for the stage-manager, good old R. Phillips. I had not moved, but presently I felt a strange, creepy sensation, and as though I were in some place where I ought not to be. In another moment I became aware of voices almost at my elbow, and speedily I recognised the somewhat reedy and muffled tones of

"OLD BEN"

and the never-to-be-forgotten, musical voice of the still surviving Mrs. Alfred Mellon. It then suddenly dawned upon me that I had been accidentally placed almost in the centre of the stage during that well-known dark-dungeon scene wherein the Dead-Hearted Robert Landry



BUILDING THE STAGE OF THE CENTURY THEATRE: THE BACK IS OPEN TO MAIDEN LANE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH COURTEOUSLY SUPPLIED BY THE MANAGEMENT.

the extensive stage-room indicated in *The Sketch* picture, but there will also be required every conceivable kind of mechanical appliance. I find, upon careful scrutiny, that this new stage far exceeds the ex-Adelphi's both in breadth and depth. The proscenium opening is narrower than of yore, but the stage and

ITS SCENE-DOCKS O. P. AND P. S.

now occupy much more space than "kind friends in front" would suppose. The depth of this new stage—honeycombed with the most up-to-date "cuts" and traps, "vampire" and otherwise—is really startling. It now extends flush to the theatre's back-wall in Maiden Lane, beside the more private stage-entrance into which Terriss was letting himself at the moment he was stabbed. This was immediately after he had written to the present writer making an appointment and stating that he was about to tour around the world until this present year.

"I SHALL BE AWAY TILL 1901,"

he said; adding, poor old fellow, "You see, old friend, how far we actors have to look ahead." As I arrived at the theatre his body had that moment been carried on to the stage. How vividly it all came back to me as I explored the new stage a few days ago!

is besought by the young hero's mother to save the youth—Robert's own secret son—from the guillotine. By means of a tiny speck of light which I now discerned, I contrived to creep noiselessly into a neighbouring "wing" before I had been noticed either by those two fine players or by the audience, which sat spellbound in the darkened theatre.

TO REVERT TO THE NEW CENTURY STAGE.

Patrons of the new house will be able to judge of its dimensions and of its fine mechanical appliances, from floor to "gridiron," when they witness the forthcoming new production there—"The Whirl of the Town," to wit. The scenery in this piece will be of the most picturesque and heaviest kind. The principal "sets"—all when done with to be whisked away as by magic—will include realistic representations of the New York Aquarium (with a wonderful live-fish effect); a very gorgeous room in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel; a wonderfully illusory scene, showing the Broadway from about Forty-Second Street up towards the Central Park; and a splendid submarine scene, wherein the "real lovely" Miss Madge Lessing will impersonate (*pro tem.*) a most fascinating Mermaid, and Mr. H. E. "Adonis" Dixey will again prove himself one of the most hilarious as well as one of the handsomest of comedians.

H. C. N.

CHATS WITH MISS MADGE LESSING AND MR. HENRY E. DIXEY, DUE IN "THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN," AT THE CENTURY THEATRE.

"COME, tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" I was just about to ask pretty Miss Madge Lessing, who presented the amphibian-like appearance of a mermaid, when I remembered that I was not in a dressing-room at the Lyric Theatre, but at the Century, that other house which is also controlled by Mr. Tom B. Davis. Of course, it is quite natural to find mermaids in the neighbourhood of the Strand, because painters always depict them on the sea-shore playing their harps and combing their tresses with branches of pink coral. Accordingly, I substituted the remark—

"Is it possible that you were thrown up on our coast by the recent heat-wave, Miss Lessing?"

"Would it secure me a warm reception on the opening night of the Century Theatre, do you think, if I said 'Yes'?" she archly queried, in the same bantering spirit.

"To get that, you have only to smile," I replied, as I gazed at her pretty face and recalled how directly she "got right there" when she appeared in the Arthurian legend of "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," at Drury Lane, and sang—

Rosey, you are my posy,
You are my heart's bouquet;
Come out here in the moonlight:
There's something, sweet love,
I want to say.

Then I added, "Was the last Christmas pantomime your first?"

"Well, I had never played in one before. Of course, I had seen pantomimes from the front."

"Surely not in America?"

"Oh no! They are quite unknown there, and that fact makes me curious as to how last year's pantomime, which has just gone out, as you know, will succeed. I don't think the Americans are very keen about spectacular plays, though they delight in open-air pageants such as Mr. Kiralfy used to give them. As for myself, I love spectacle; but, then, I'm Cockney-born, though my parents came from dear old Ireland."

"One has only to look into your eyes to know it; still——"

"I know what you were going to say. Well, you must bear in mind that I have lived since my childhood in America, and, though I love that country, I must say I love England, especially London, more. I was over here two years and five years ago, but this is my first professional visit."

"And where did Mr. Tom B. Davis meet you, Miss Lessing?"

"It was at Boston, where at that time I was appearing as Anita in 'The Monks of Malabar,' a musical play which had recently been produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York."

"You prefer musical plays, and have no aspirations to play Juliet?"

"Oh dear, no! I have always loved to sing and dance long before I had any idea of going on the stage, and since I did so I have been always engaged in musical comedies or in comic opera. I have appeared in 'The Dangerous Maid' and 'Jack and the Beanstalk,' which was treated as comic opera—it was a kind of extravaganza. Then I was in 'The Rounders,' 'In Gay New York,' and 'The Whirl of the Town.'"

"Ah! Now tell me something of the piece which Mr. George B. McLellan has brought over and which is to open this Century Theatre. Will it be as successful as Messrs. Morton and Kerker's other play, 'The Belle of New York,' do you expect?"

"It was even a greater success than 'The Belle' in America. It will suit the London public, I'm quite certain."

"And you, what is your character?"

"I'm 'Dimples.' For a few minutes you'll see me in this dress as a mermaid. I've been stolen out of a tank in the New York Aquarium by a kleptomaniac, who takes me right into the whirl of the town, and I dance and sing and wear lovely dresses and go everywhere. It is such a life, such a round of gaiety; but, somehow, after a while I pine for the sea. At length an opportunity occurs, and I race down to the beach and I dash through a great breaker and I disappear, as I must now," she laughingly remarked as she obeyed the call-boy's summons.

MR. HENRY E. DIXEY, better-known throughout the length and breadth of America as "Harry Dixey," is a light-comedian of the first water, and is possessed of a vivacity and versatility that can compare only with the mercurial temperament of "Captain" Arthur Roberts or with the brilliant genius of the ever-to-be-lamented Fred Leslie.

However, Mr. Dixey has little need of any introduction, as he is no stranger to London. It may be remembered that he took the town by storm at the Gaiety Theatre in 1886 with the musical pot-pourri

"ADONIS,"

written by him and William Gill, and produced under the management of Mr. John Hollingshead, who, by the way, has described Dixey as one of the best actors on any boards, who ought years ago to have taken Fred Leslie's place.

Indeed, it would be difficult to find many who can excel Mr. Dixey as a dancer or as a singer of patter and comic songs, while his imitations, notably of Sir Henry Irving—a weird reproduction of the great actor, and now almost historic—were as clever as were his marvellous conjuring feats with which he toured America for a "season."

Only last year, Mr. Dixey made a deep impression by his impersonation of David Garrick in Augustus Thomas's

PLAY OF "OLIVER GOLDSMITH,"

in which the American "star," Steuart Robson, played the title-rôle. And one might also recall Mr. Dixey's appearance in his powerful play, "The Seven Ages," in which all the facets of the changing story served to reflect the diversities of his dramatic talent. To this, if you add his Boss Knivett in "Romany Rye," his Brabazon Sykes in "The Merry Duchess," and his creation of Christopher Blizzard in "Confusion," throwing in, besides, the leading comedy parts in Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, you will be better able to rightly gauge the scope of his abilities.

The strong, intellectual face, with its regular features and almost stern expression, is characteristic of the tragedian rather than of the comedian, and still less of the burlesque actor, yet when a sunny smile lights up Mr. Dixey's whole face the humorist at once stands revealed.

"This must be quite a holiday part, Mr. Dixey, that you have

IN 'THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN'?"

I remarked, as we stood, during rehearsal, in the wings of the Century Theatre, just after he had sung with Miss Madge Lessing a quaint duet, entitled "Here Comes Dimples."

"It's a good part, I'll admit, and Mr. Kerker has written some

delightfully melodious songs. Some have been specially written for this London production."

"Yes? And what are your songs?"

"In the first Act, I do not think you can fail to like 'What's the Matter with Maudie?' That was sung with great success in America, and so was 'When the Clock Strikes Two in the Tender Loin' (the smart quarter in the Gay World of New York). Another solo is, 'When a Girl is Fair,' and in the second Act, besides the song you have just heard Miss Lessing and me sing, we have 'O'Hoolihan held the Fuse.'"

"You give me the idea that we are to have a very good time in 'The Whirl of the Town.' By the way,

ARE THE SCENES IN NEW YORK?"

"Oh, certainly! You will find the Aquarium on the Battery of New York. Then you will have a look in at the Central Station, Forty-Second Street. Afterwards, you walk on the Broadway below Forty-Second Street, and you will be taken up to the Photographic Gallery on the roof of the Waldorf Astoria, where I can promise you a fine view over the city. Presently," he added, "you will be transported to the lobby of the theatre, and afterwards you will enjoy the sea-breezes on Coney Island. You will have the advantage of seeing a lot of New York without having to pass the Custom House, and I think you will find that your eyes and ears have been well catered for." T. H. L.



MISS MADGE LESSING,
WHO PLAYS THE PRINCIPAL LADY'S PART IN "THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN,"
AT THE CENTURY THEATRE.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



MR. HENRY E. DIXEY,

WHO IS TO TAKE THE PRINCIPAL PART IN "THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN," AT THE CENTURY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE ENGLISH TURF.*

THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

UNDER the title of "The English Turf," Mr. Charles Richardson gives us a delightfully fresh and, at the same time, an exceedingly valuable and novel up-to-date book on horse-racing. It is not a record of recollections and good stories, but a thoroughly sterling work on our favourite English pastime. Attractive features of the volume are the careful and interesting plans of all the principal racecourses, but it is further embellished by pictures of many famous racehorses of our own times, and by a large number of beautiful instantaneous and animated views of the most popular racing-grounds, one of which bearing on Doncaster, along with a plan of the course, I am able, by the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Methuen and Co., to reproduce in this week's *Sketch*.

Advisedly discarding the well-trodden ground of the old days, the author treats us to chapters on all the chief race-meetings in the kingdom, which are particularly entertaining reading, as also are those on trainers and jockeys, breeding and lines of blood. In discussing the methods of American trainers and jockeys, he points out that horses are brought up in a much more hardy fashion in the hands of our Transatlantic cousins than in those of our own trainers, who give them less freedom and more pampering than do the Americans, but with the result that, while the Englishmen's nags are ready in the early part of the season, those entrusted to the Yankees come into form only when the sun begins to make itself felt on their backs. Nevertheless, he bears testimony to the wonderful success that Huggins, Duke, and Wishard have achieved in England, and he does not attribute this to "doping," which, for that matter, he does not seem to believe is practised over here, although in the United States it has been found necessary to make the custom illegal. But there is no harm in giving a horse a drink before racing, so long as it is not a pail of water; and, as the author very justly remarks, the habit of letting a "rogue" have a good pull at whisky or port-wine before he goes to the starter is as old as the hills.

As to jockeys, whether our own required a fillip or not, they certainly got it in 1897, when Sloan came over to ride for Lord William Beresford, and was promptly followed by several of his fellow-countrymen. The Transatlantic importation has, no doubt, been productive of good, in the sense that it has stimulated English riders to greater exertion to hold their own, if one may judge from the result of the present season as compared with last.

Mr. Richardson will not stand alone in the opinions that we have far too many short- and not enough long-distance races, and that the customs of sending young stallions to the stud—like Common, for example—and of putting young horses into severe training for the two-year-old races before their bones have become properly developed are grave errors.

His vivid remarks on the Doncaster races in the St. Leger week, which for the nonce I have taken the liberty of summarising, come quite apropos at this moment. Everyone goes to Doncaster, he says, even the men and women who attend only two or three meetings each year. The place is situated in a horse-loving district whose inhabitants would sooner lose a week's wages than miss the Leger. Formerly thousands of hardy sons of toil walked the eighteen miles between Sheffield and the Doncaster Town Moor through the night, in order to secure a good place on the rails, and stood there quietly waiting all the morning rather than lose the position they had been at such pains to secure. Now, they arrive by train, and, the population having increased, they

come in far greater numbers, so that Doncaster on a St. Leger Day is an astonishing sight.

The crowds pour into the town and march stolidly on by the High Street, Hall Gate, and the broad lime-tree avenue of Bennett-thorpe to the course. The roadway is wide enough for four or five vehicles to be driven side by side, and the foot-paths so broad that the visitors who ceaselessly move along from nine a.m. until two p.m. are able to advance ten or twelve abreast.

Those who wish to drive to the course can do so at an average charge of a shilling a-head. But nine-tenths of the people content themselves with Shanks's mare.

The conversation is horse, all horse. There is no fun of the fair, no chaff, and next to no humour. The average unit is never pulled up during the two-mile tramp, save by the insidious tones of the tipster or to buy a packet of the inevitable butter-scotch, which in fine weather is a thirst stimulator of the first order. After the races, some who have backed winners, or who have too freely indulged in this famous sweetmeat, may linger for hours in the neighbourhood of the beer-shops. But the present-day Doncaster crowd, considering its vast proportions, is a sober one, and visitors on the St. Leger Day leave the station, between 5.30 and 7.30 p.m., at the rate of about eight thousand an hour.

Every country-house within thirty miles, and even beyond, is filled for the occasion, and dozens of parties put up at hotels in towns within an hour or so of Doncaster. Some even travel from London and back each day. No one stays at Doncaster now if he can find quarters elsewhere, unless he is compelled to,

on account of the exorbitant charges.

Nowhere in the kingdom is horse-worship so thoroughly practised, and no racecourse crowd is so thoroughly competent to give an opinion on what it sees. When a crack appears, he is instantly mobbed by the "Tykes," who follow him round and round, many audibly commenting on his good and bad points, his condition and chances of winning. At a meeting southwards, when a big event is on the card, nearly every acquaintance one meets commences with, "Well, what's

going to win to-day?" In Yorkshire it is: "So-and-so 'll win t' Leger. Now, mark my word, yon's a good horse, and t' others 'll never see t' way he goes."

EDWARD VIZETELLY.



DONCASTER GRAND STANDS ON THE ST. LEGER DAY.

Copied by Messrs. Methuen's permission from "The English Turf: A Record of Horses and Courses."

PEARLS OF GREAT PRICE.

A pearl famine is the latest cry in the jewellery market, and Paris especially is the city in which it is raging at the present time. The supply does not anything like equal the demand, and, the higher prices go, the more call there is for the precious stones. Already they are worth from three to four times what they were fetching ten years ago, and the price is still rising. The cause for this abnormal state of affairs is, it is declared, that large numbers of rich Americans have been buying up the stones, especially during the last few months.

In this connection it is worth recalling the fact that nearly a century and a quarter ago Linnaeus informed the King of Sweden that he had found out a process by which he could get mussels to make pearls, and Bechman has left it on record that he saw some of the pearls which were thus artificially manufactured by a natural process. King Adolphus Frederick of Holstein-Gottorp, who was then the ruler of the country, did not, however, accept the offer, and the secret was subsequently sold, and it has been declared to have found its way into the hands of a London jeweller. The idea which is believed to be at the bottom of the whole system is the introduction of a certain irritant substance between the mantles of the oyster. This is covered with a deposit of nacre by the creature, and when completely coated it is to all intents and purposes a pearl. The Chinese have, it is said, long used the idea in order to get large specimens of pearls.

* "The English Turf: A Record of Horses and Courses" By Charles Richardson. Edited by E. T. Sachs. With forty-nine illustrations and eight plans. London: Methuen and Co.



SEA-FISHING FROM YARMOUTH PIER.

Sea-fishing as a sport has come more and more into favour of late. The fished-out state of many of our rivers for coarse fish and the prohibitive prices of well-stocked trout-fisheries have driven many anglers to pursue their pleasurable pastime in the sea. There are numberless places where first-rate sea-fishing may be enjoyed from a boat, from a pier, or from the shore. Britannia Pier, Yarmouth, presents a lively appearance by reason of the number of holiday anglers who ply their rods there, though the best of the fishing at this place does not come on till later. Visitors to Yarmouth can also, after a very few miles' journey, get some of the best coarse-fishing in the country on the Broads and rivers of Norfolk and Suffolk. Sea-fishing tackle has been made a great study of, and one can now catch fish in the most artistic and sportsmanlike manner. What more enjoyable and health-giving than, say, casting a long line with Nottingham rod and reel, and catching three or four dozen whiting and codling?

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Where Three Emperors Meet—Tsar, Czar, Tzar, or Cstzar?—Is there a Tsar?—Trades' Union of Pretenders—When in Doubt, Abuse England—Club for European Monarchs—"Your Imperial Loneliness."

THE Czar of Russia is now engaged upon the tour which "forms the dominant factor in the world-politics of the present month."

I know I am justified in saying this, for I have it from a leading article in one of the great dailies. Of course, he cannot expect the apoplectically enthusiastic welcome which is reserved on the Continent for expiatory envoys compelled to present themselves and apologise for the foulest class of murder known to international law. Still, France has permitted itself a proper degree of moral maffickation.

There is a painful dubitation among writers about choosing between the forms "Czar," "Tsar," "Tzar," and a few others, and between "Czarina" and "Tsaritsa." Know all men by these presents that the Russians do not use either of the titles at all, for they are obsolete, but call the Czar "Imperátar(ah)." I believe it is also un-Russian to talk of the Cesarewitch, or even of the Tsesarévitich. It shows our gross ignorance of neighbouring countries. Really, the only accurate information we have about Russia is that people are invariably wrapped in furs (even for evening-dress at dinner), and that the lower classes are perpetually being lashed with the knout by the aristocracy. My own system in spelling these words (when an Editor does not interfere) is infallible—choose a form, if possible, different from that used by most other people. This looks clever and commands respect.

During the visit of the Cztszar—or Tsar (perhaps my meaning is clearer if I spell it that way)—an unaccountable agitation has been made for a general amnesty to all rebels, imprisoned journalists, banished revolutionaries, Dreyfusards, and other ruffians who constantly hover in congested districts round the frontiers of France. Exiled French Pretenders ought by this time to be almost numerous enough to form a Trades' Union; indeed, they are reported to be making a kind of syndicate or trust to recover the French Crown. They resemble the eight dethroned European monarchs in Voltaire's "Optimist," who meet at a small inn without the price of a dinner between them.

But why is a popular thanksgiving so often marked among Continental nations by letting loose upon the public the most dangerous criminals and rebels in the country? Why not let it take the usual form of an exhaustive execration of England? This is perfectly harmless, and has become so much the ordinary routine that English tourists have been known to join in it absent-mindedly in their excitement.

The influence of Kings on such occasions on house-rent has been strangely neglected. A house rated at forty pounds can have each of its rooms let unfurnished for five pounds or so for the day. Why is not this turned to advantage in a country like Spain, where the Government is perpetually in debt to the nation (which is bankrupt)? A Monarch might be put on a commercial basis and a weekly demonstration of some sort arranged—a Jubilee, a wedding or christening, an abdication; and so on. Government buildings would be let out to view the procession to rich Americans at so much a square inch, and the country-made self-supporting. An Emperor by simply walking past a house can raise its rent a thousand per cent. Why is he not converted into a limited company by a syndicate of estate-agents and floated on the market?

There is something fascinating about the hobnobbing of Monarchs. Fancy the Emperor of Aracan, possessor of the white elephant and of the twelve kings who lie beneath his feet, asking His Majesty of Ava, Emperor of the four-and-twenty sacred umbrellas, protector of all animals, regulator of the seasons, absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, whether he would have a drink! Imagine a Kandyan Monarch (Lord of the two purple ear-rings and of surpassing beauty exceeding that of the unexpanded jessamine-buds) telling a funny story! Picture the Grand Lama of Thibet calling the Great Mogul of Tartary "Bob"!

But there is a simplicity in the meetings of Kings which is painfully absent from those of their Ministers. In civilised countries, diplomacy and swindling in general are practically left to Ambassadors and the Foreign Office. Three Monarchs can enjoy a sociable evening together without each feeling assured that the other two have concluded a secret alliance against him ten minutes before. One can drink to the other's continued health and prosperity and look him in the face without blushing at the recollection of having just sworn to compass his extermination in the other room.

There ought to be a Club for such occasions for European Monarchs, where they would drop the titles, "Your Infinity" and "Your Imperial Loneliness," and have their whiskies-and-sodas quietly together. Mufti would be *de rigueur*. Indeed, it would be very difficult in a crowded roomful of Crowned Heads to wear a uniform in compliment to one which would not be a gross insult to several of the others. I remember my friend the Emperor of —. Well, perhaps this is a private matter; but there was a distinguished English General who entertained a Russian deputation wearing the decorations for the Alma and Sebastopol. The Sovereign of a small Continental State once received the President of the French Republic in a German uniform!

HILL ROWAN.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES."

THE CONAN DOYLE-GILLETTE DETECTIVE-DRAMA ARRIVES IN LONDON.

IN defiance of threatened injunctions against the inventor and the authorised adapter of "Sherlock Holmes" by certain playwrights who had kindly "conveyed" the famous detective for their plays, Dr. Conan Doyle's and William Gillette's drama named after that crime-investigator has duly arrived at the Lyceum, London, after a week's trial-trip at one of the finest of provincial playhouses, namely, Hardie and Von Leer's Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool.

In connecting Sherlock Holmes with the Lyceum, one naturally wonders why Sir Henry Irving never essayed this enormously popular character, for he would, in every histrionic way, have been an ideal Sherlock. One also marvels how it is that, although it is getting on for ten years since Dr. Conan Doyle treated his myriads of readers to this English Lecoq, no play upon the subject has been seen at the West-End until now. In the provinces one has ever and anon happened on a "Sherlock Holmes" drama. Moreover, in the suburbs as well as in the provinces the great detective has been used as the chief character in a lurid melodrama entitled "The Bank of England."

It is more than probable that the reason why an important "Sherlock Holmes" play has been so long a-coming is that the task of making a drama pieced out of Dr. Doyle's fascinating crime-investigating series of stories was found to be stupendous. The usual paste-and-scissors mutilator of novels felt himself baffled, so to speak, by the embarrassment of criminal riches provided by Sherlock's "creator."

Even that "creator" himself and his collaborator have evidently been in a similar predicament, for, casting aside all the most popular stories of the "Sherlock" series, they have contented themselves with basing a comparatively new play upon the story concerning Miss Faulkner, who was sometime shadowed by the soon afterwards slain but since resurrected crime-investigator.

But for the deeply fascinating study of Holmes which dominates the piece, it is very conventional melodrama indeed. From the moment that Holmes silently enters the drawing-room-robbery-and-murder den that forms the first Act "set," and stands like a stern and pitiless ghost confronting the evil-doers, this eight-months-old Irish-American-made melodrama becomes thrilling in the extreme, although for these days, when melodrama is mostly made up of several stories interwoven, "Sherlock Holmes" seems not too lavishly supplied with story.

The story of "Sherlock Holmes" runs as follows: Alice Faulkner has contrived to secure certain "papers" implicating a mysteriously mentioned "person of title" who somewhat earlier ruined and deserted her sister, who ere long pined away and died. With the aid of these secured "papers," Alice intends to denounce the "person of title" to a rich young lady whom he is about to espouse. Before she can wreak her vengeance, however, Alice is herself "secured" by a scoundrel named James Larrabee and his equally wicked wife Nudge. This terrible twain seek also to secure her precious "papers," in order that they may therewith blackmail the "person of title" for vast sums. Alice, however, in spite of being starved and otherwise maltreated, refuses to betray the hiding-place of these documents. When the dreaded Sherlock arrives upon the scene, he, after befouling Alice's teeth-gnashing persecutors, makes her betray the whereabouts of the "papers" by means of a little outbreak of fire, which he has arranged shall take place at the Larrabees'. Following Alice's startled look, he at once rips open the cushion of a certain chair and triumphantly snatches the "papers" therefrom. But, to the consternation of all concerned (including the audience), Holmes forthwith returns the "papers" to the ill-used girl, because she tearfully asks him, and because, as we shrewd friends in front can see, Sherlock is "smitten." It seems strange that he should thus nullify all his work in this connection, especially as the poor, half-demented damsel is still left in the power of the Larrabees. It has to be confessed, however, that, if Sherlock did not act thus magnanimously, not to say quixotically, this Doyle-Gillette "thriller" would incontinently end at the first Act.

The other three Acts of "Sherlock Holmes" are principally taken up by the revengeful efforts of the Larrabees to ensnare and to remove Sherlock by the aid of that arch-criminal, "Professor" Moriarty, and his mighty and ubiquitous crime-concern. Among other things, these fiendish plotters, worked by the "Professor" from his underground, prison-like "Office," send emissaries to slay Holmes at his Baker Street lodgings; next, they burn those lodgings down, and anon they lure him, by means of a duplicate set of "papers," to a "gas-chamber" in Stepney.

This scene, reminiscent of many a "bashing" den in melodrama—and the East-End—is, although conventional, the strongest in the play. Alice, now having learnt to love Sherlock—although she has never told her love—finds her way to this awful place, in order to warn him of his danger. The "bashers," who appear to be all Hibernian (another injustice to Ireland!), promptly gag her and conceal her from view. Presently Holmes arrives to bargain with Larrabee concerning the "papers," and is also promptly seized. Shaking himself free, however, and discovering Alice, he, to cover his retreat with her, knocks over the lamp—rather an awkward thing to do in a "gas-chamber," one would think. As, at this moment, Holmes is, as usual, smoking—but smoking a cigar this time—his would-be murderers follow the red glow of his cigar in the Cimmerian darkness. Just, however, when they think they have got him, more lights are brought in, and it is seen that the glowing cigar supposed to be between Holmes's lips has been slipped into a hole near the door. Sherlock and Alice have escaped.



MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE AS SHERLOCK HOLMES, AT THE LYCEUM: LOVE THOUGHTS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

ARTISTS AT HOME—MR. W. H. PIKE, R.I.

MR. PIKE is rarely gifted in many ways, and can do many things, but there is one thing that he will *not* do, and that is—talk about himself. No matter how warily or adroitly one may endeavour to draw him out on the subject of his career, all attempts are skilfully foiled, and the interviewer's note-book, though probably filled



MR. W. H. PIKE, R.I., THINKING OUT AN IDEA.

with anecdotes and appreciations of others, remains barren of those particulars specially sought for. Indeed, this artist holds the opinion that it is best to

LET HIS WORK TELL ITS OWN TALE,

and that it does most powerfully.

As these chats are in no sense "interviews" in the generally accepted sense of the word, this reticence is not a serious matter, so far as we are concerned; but, in dealing with the characteristics of any man's work, it is interesting, if not essential, to be able to give some reason for their existence—to trace them to their source—and the secret is often to be found

in the life-experiences of the artist himself. I must, therefore, while avoiding personalities as much as possible, give one or two details with reference to Mr. Pike's "past," even at the risk of a severe reprimand.

The chief characteristic that immediately strikes one both in the easel-pictures and the "black-and-white" of this artist is the

REMARKABLY STRONG DRAMATIC ELEMENT.

Most telling in composition, rich in colour, and vigorous in treatment, they at once arrest and hold the attention, and it is easy to see that the power and knowledge of men and things they display were not gained in the studio alone. How, then, may we account for this? Well, as a matter of fact, at the commencement of his career Mr. Pike had—as most of us have had at some time or another—an irresistible desire to "go on the stage," and, what is more, he went! Leaving his native town of Plymouth, as a comparative youngster, he blossomed forth at the Theatre Royal, Exeter, as a full-blown actor, and early made a "hit" in that rôle, playing from leading parts in heavy drama to Pantaloon to the Clown of Fred Vokes! But even that did not satisfy his ambition—the artistic temperament was too strong.



MR. PIKE WORKING OUT THE IDEA.

were numerous, but the latter he continued to cultivate, and still does to the present day. For example, he

PAINTED THE ACT-DROP AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME

for his friend Mr. E. T. Ryan, while the fine decorative scheme in the *Graphic* and *Daily Graphic* Section at the Earl's Court Exhibition—the

chef d'œuvre of which is a masterly conception representing many nations paying homage to our King and Queen—is also by him.

Determining to devote himself exclusively to the brush, Mr. Pike went to

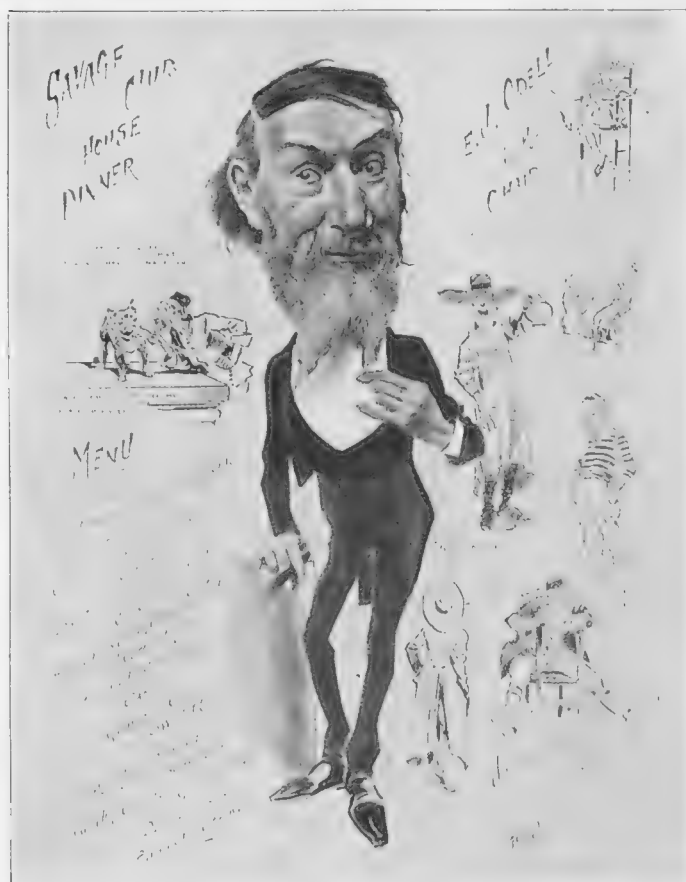
ITALY FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS,

and there formed a close friendship with Mr. Luke Fildes, out of which grew his association with the *Daily Graphic*. Since the publication of the first number of that paper, over the signature "Olivier Paques," he has contributed thousands of drawings, ranging in subject from the Soudan War to the seaside holiday, and from pantomime to polo—one and all full of life and vigour.

I am particularly glad that Mr. Pike consented to be "at home" to me, for at the present time an exhibition of his work is being held in the

DEVON AND CORNWALL GALLERIES, PLYMOUTH,

and many readers of *The Sketch* will have an exceptional opportunity of becoming fully acquainted with it. Even to name all the pictures shown is out of the question, and simply to describe them, without illustration, would serve but little purpose. However, perhaps I may mention just one or two. Among the most telling is "Suspense," a large canvas (previously exhibited at the Walker Art Gallery and "Suffolk Street") instinct with pathos. In the kitchen of a humble cottage, two figures, with the gleams of the fire-light playing upon them,

A SAVAGE CLUB MENU DRAWN BY MR. PIKE.
(E. J. ODELL IN THE CHAIR).

are anxiously waiting the doctor's report from the mother's sick-room, and the scene is rendered with such power that one cannot but share their anxiety.

By way of contrast to this come scenes from the Cuban War; "Defeated," a Napoleonic study; "Despair," a sombre glimpse of Waterloo Bridge; "The Conjuror," a Continental street, full of life and colour; "Jingle," the man to the life; "The Heir," a Spanish subject daintily rendered; "Too Late"—and many another, a single glance at which will give a far more adequate idea of Mr. Pike's versatility than could any description, however lengthy and complete. It may be interesting to note that most of these pictures are elaborations of "time sketches" executed by the artist

AT THE LANGHAM SKETCHING CLUB,

of which he is one of the oldest and most popular members.

The accompanying "snaps" I was permitted to take in the studio at Parkhill Road, Haverstock Hill, while the reproduction of

A SAVAGE CLUB MENU

shows what I consider to be as fine a piece of character-sketching as one could possibly wish. Those who know the leading figure portrayed—that genial humorist, E. J. Odell—will, I am sure, bear me out in this.

And, now, I am afraid to meet Mr. Pike. Talk about himself he would not; but the Editor's orders were that he was to be "talked about," and those orders—as stringent as the laws of the Medes and Persians—had to be obeyed. Where the information was obtained—no matter! Wild horses would not drag the secret from me. R. D. B.



SKETCHED AT BOULOGNE BY JAMES GREIG.

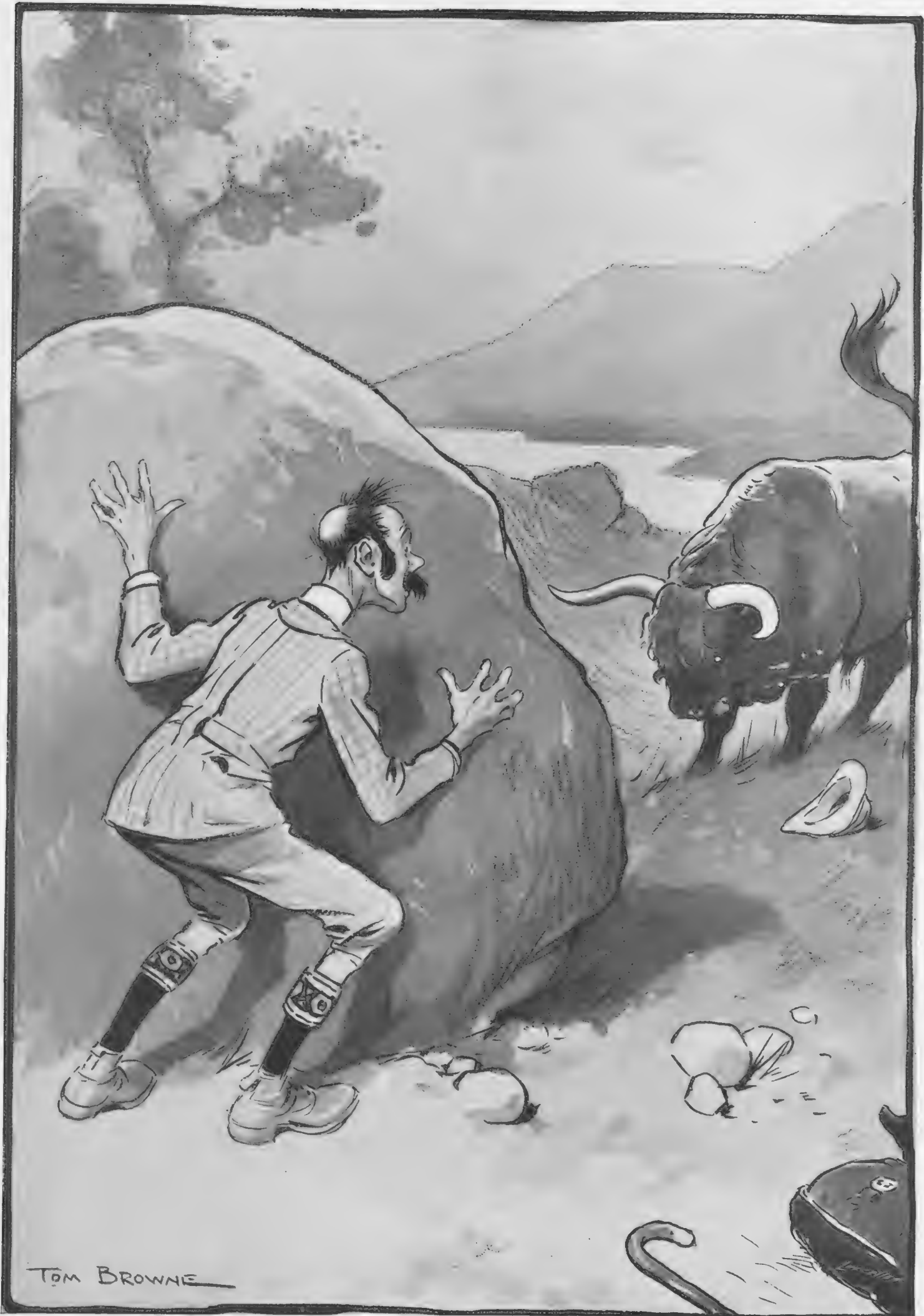
Whether you reach Boulogne from Tilbury by "La Marguerite," or by South-Eastern Railway and boat from Folkestone, the more expeditious route from London, the favourite French watering-place is always pleasant to revisit. Its romantic old town, with grey ramparts, its excellent bathing, and its dances, concerts, and "petits chevaux" at the well-managed Etablissement or Casino, and fresh surroundings of French life, render a holiday at Boulogne-sur-Mer ever welcome.



[Drawn by John Hassall.]

GOURMET JOHNNY.

OFFICER (who has lost his dog, seeing the chain hanging out of the mouth of a Chinaman) : Great Scott ! he's swallowed the animal whole !



[Drawn by Tom Browne.]

TOURING IN THE HIGHLANDS: MR. DRAPER JONES, OF PECKHAM, AS A MATADOR.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A DOUBTFUL VICTORY.

BY MURIEL HINE.



AM afraid it is the only copy left," said the girl.

There was a twinkle in her large brown eyes and a distinct touch of mischief in the clear voice as she looked serenely from the one man, lolling up against the parapet of the terrace in all the indolent grace of his foreign extraction, to the other, standing firmly erect, muscular and solid, with the concentrated strength of his unmistakably English origin.

She placed the photograph in question on a jutting corner of marble and gazed out over the white, glistening villas and dusty palm-trees fringing the sun-baked roads down to the blue Mediterranean below, with its purple cloud-shadows and slender white-sailed yachts silhouetted against the islands, and the still bluer skies beyond.

Somewhere from within the big hotel a man was strumming heavily "Loin du Bal," but the croquet-ground dividing them was quite deserted, wrapped in the warm, clear silence of the South, and the three were as much alone as though the whole world lay in between.

Perhaps the sense of isolation struck Denise peculiarly as she lay back sleepily in the low deck-chair, for never until now had the necessity for solving the problem before her seemed so overwhelming as she watched the two men from under her long, dark lashes, and tried in vain to compare two such utterly different types.

It was so difficult to choose between them. All her national instincts on the one hand prompted her to trust in young Alex Sturt, well-born though comparatively poor, and her rebellious heart cried out that he was indeed the man—the one man of her life.

And then again she would fall under the spell of Henri Bragon's fascination, the mesmeric influence of his fine dark eyes, his wealth and social prestige, and the natural desire to marry her father's chosen friend and companion.

She had not lived the life of the past five years for nothing—at one moment the spoilt darling of the spendthrift speculative stockbroker, at the next a mere expensive incumbrance—not to realise the charms of a life of assured luxury, the peace of a positive position, which would be hers if she married the wealthy Frenchman.

Love in a cottage had no fascination for her. She had known what it was to leave Grosvenor Square for a Bloomsbury lodging-house, to blossom out still later in a ruinous "appartement" in the Champs-Élysées when the wheel of fortune turned, and the struggle was very great.

Meanwhile, the two men on the Terrace glared at one another and coveted. The Frenchman broke the silence first. "It is parfait," he murmured; "but what mere picture could do Mademoiselle ze fullest justice?" His admiring gaze ran over the wavy chestnut hair and pale, beautiful face before him. "Pas possible!" he murmured, as he stooped gracefully and picked the portrait up. "It is for me . . . ?" But the Englishman strode forward, a large hand outstretched.

"Will you allow me to look?"—and the photograph had changed hands.

"Very well posed," he admitted.

His voice was so indifferent as to be almost rude as he passed it back across the Frenchman into Denise's slim fingers; but his blue eyes told a different story and asked the question his stubborn lips forbade.

"Mine?" they pleaded humbly, beseechingly, as they gazed down into the brown ones below, and then, as they met with no response, he turned round abruptly and began playing with the croquet-balls.

A sudden fancy caught the girl—a sudden, capricious throw-back to the days of old, when primeval man fought for the first woman and was unashamed, sprung up into her nineteenth-century brain amidst all the cultivated environment of a Riviera season.

"Would you two like to play for it?" she laughed. "A hard-fought game of croquet—the photo to the winner!"

Alex Sturt's fair face lighted up. "Done with you!" he cried joyfully; but a shade of annoyance came into the Frenchman's expression. He had been so positive all along that the portrait was for him, and now this "Engleish schoolboy"—as he classified the rival that his vanity would not allow him to own—stepped in and broke the spell.

"Mais certainement!"—he bowed gracefully towards the girl. "A most excellent suggestion—a tournament of old with a picture of the Queen of Love and Beauty for ze prize!" He stooped down over her and murmured in his soft, foreign voice, "What more could a heart desire?" and the Englishman's blood boiled at the air of possession in the man's whole manner.

"Who begins?" he broke in aggressively.

"That is for Mademoiselle to decide," was the suave reply.

"Oh, Alex can start!" she said indifferently. She could hardly have explained her reason, but her sensitive mind, running off at a tangent, had grasped the Englishman's mood without realising the cause, and his apparent bored contempt grated upon her troubled nerves and warped her inclinations.

Perhaps young Sturt realised this, for, as he took up his mallet, he looked across at Denise and smiled—openly, honestly, a little proudly, as a true man smiles when he loves a woman and would fight the whole world for her sake; and a sudden sense of restfulness reached her where she lay in the low deck-chair, watching the pair of players.

A bad stroke of his adversary's gave Henri Bragon the start, and he got away through his first three hoops unchecked.

The game of skill not only suited his somewhat fastidious style, but exhibited to the full his supple figure and the delicacy of his play, whereas the other played stolidly, avoiding all brilliancy in favour of security, and his very strength and weight marred his chances of success, making him overreach his hoops and drive his balls over the boundary-line.

But, little by little, by sheer perseverance and a steady, continuous harassing of the enemy, he crept up abreast.

A lucky "sporting shot" caught a far-distant ball, and, cleverly "wiring" it, he played for all he was worth, and ran two hoops ahead.

To all intents and purposes, the next player was "wired" and—herein lay the aggravation of the position—by a bare inch, or even less.

The slightest touch not only released the ball, but opened up brilliant possibilities of a quite unique run with three balls to play off and everything in the owner's favour.

And at that precise moment from somewhere out to sea came the deep boom of a gun.

"Regardez done, look . . . !" cried M. Bragon, excitedly, a pink-nailed finger pointing over the blue and purple sea to where a tiny puff of smoke rose and scattered; "ze signal for a race of yachts."

The girl wheeled round in her chair, her hand shading her eyes, and the Englishman followed her gaze.

The Frenchman stepped back quickly and the thing was done.

"Your turn, Bragon," said the other, a moment later. "It's red to play, and I'm afraid you're thoroughly wired!"

The Frenchman moved forward slowly; then stopped with a little cry of delight.

"Mais non!" he said; "you see, it is ver' difficile, but quite in the possible!" and the ball shot through the hoop.

Sturt strode forward, then paused, his face very set and grave.

"My mistake," he said slowly, and his voice was like polished steel.

M. Bragon bowed politely; the red ball struck the blue, made the stick, returned to blue, picked up yellow, and they ran through two hoops triumphantly together.

"Very pretty play," said Denise Latham.

Sturt gave her a quick glance, but her expression was unfathomable, and, aiming badly, he missed his stroke.

"Ze fault of ze long grass," came the apologetic foreign voice as its owner did a brilliant cannon off the hoops and made his ball a rover.

"Play up, Alex!" said the girl.

He set his teeth, hit the wrong ball by a fluke, made a fresh effort to get himself in hand, and sent both balls flying across the boundary.

"A moi!" cried Bragon, and, a minute later, click, click, his balls rang up against the final stick.

There was a minute's pause, and then Denise got up from her chair, the portrait in her hand.

"Your prize, M. Bragon," she said in her sweetest voice. "It was indeed a well-fought game."

The blood rushed up suddenly under Sturt's fair skin.

Her voice and manner were graciousness itself, and yet she *must* have noticed . . .

A sudden wild desire to know—to know at any cost—took possession of him and made him reckless.

"Come for a turn on the lower Terrace, Miss Latham," he said. "I need a little consolation, don't you think?"

Bragon was murmuring tender thanks, and Sturt's deep voice cut across his flow of words, trenchant, dominant, more of an order than a prayer.

She looked up, with a little, careless nod, and Bragon had the bad taste to smile triumphantly.

"You will come back," he said, as she moved away, "n'est-ce-pas, Mademoiselle?—and find me, as usual, *waiting*!"

She gave him a little, answering wave of her hand as the shadow of the palms swallowed them up.

Bragon threw himself back in her discarded chair with a soft laugh that was not good to hear.

"She is delicious," he said aloud, as he lighted his cigarette—"une vraie belle femme—but a shade too free, too Engleesh." A sinister look came over his handsome face. "She will improve," he concluded, "ver' much—we will see to that ourself, mon Henri!"

The sun dropped down over the tranquil sea, and the islands stood out dark and drear against the evening sky; one by one the visitors trooped back into the gaily lighted hotel, and still they did not come. The gong inside clamoured noisily and the palms lifted bleak, appealing arms to Heaven, as if protesting against the heavy tropical silence being broken by such an unholy disturbance, and suddenly there came a flutter of silk skirts along the Terrace, and Denise stood before him, Sturt's tall figure in the rear.

The Frenchman threw his half-smoked cigarette elaborately away before he greeted the pair, but even then the temper rang out in his voice.



FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

"Mr. Sturt, it seems, has needed not a leetle but a much consolation," he remarked; "but, then, it is not everyone who can lose and yet smile."

"I am sorry," said Denise slowly, ignoring the hardly veiled taunt, "sorry you should have waited, M. Bragon. It was very polite of you."

"Not politeness—inclination, Mademoiselle," he broke in suavely. "You have a proverb, I believe. Is it not 'All things do come to him who knows to wait'?"

He took the photograph out of his pocket delicately, and again there came a silence, and something vaguely disquieting in their attitude told on the Frenchman's nerves and broke through his accustomed veneer.

He looked from the portrait to Sturt insolently, and his lip curled.

"Ah, my friend!" he mocked, "it is hard to lose, n'est-ce pas? But you have, believe me, *all* my condolences"—he laid a hand dramatically near that part of him he believed possessed a heart.

And suddenly the Englishman found his voice. "You are too good," he said curtly, "but there is really no need for such solicitude." His voice rang out proudly in the still, warm, garden air—"It is true you have won the *portrait*, but—" He paused gravely, and Denise, stepping suddenly back, slipped a little hand shyly through his arm.

"But I have promised him the *original*," she said.

SOME SPORTSMEN: No. 2.—THE DOCTOR.

FROM Monday morning to Friday afternoon you will find him in his consulting-room, in the heart of fashionable Doctor Land.

He is a specialist, with the ripe experience of thirty or forty years and a record of wonderful cures behind him; his power of concentration and diagnosis is remarkable even in these days of big achievements; the faint-hearted and hopeless take heart of grace when he speaks to them. The consulting-room suggests a one-sided life: its books are medical treatises and pamphlets on obscure diseases; there are small cases of instruments, an electric apparatus, some bottles, and the Doctor himself fills the foreground of the picture—a big man with a head that inspires confidence in the student of physiognomy. In customary suit of solemn black, the Doctor proclaims his calling; meet him in the street, you would know him for one of the disciples of Æsculapius.

On Friday evening in the autumn and winter season you will see the Doctor at one of the great railway termini, and will wonder at the change. He wears a shooting-suit, carries a gun and cartridge-case, a dog follows at his heels: he is off to the country, to shake off the fatigues of the past week and gather vigour for the week to come.

"I'm no longer a young man," he said to me once, "and five days in a consulting-room leaves me very ready for a day in the open air. If I'm to do justice to my patients, I must be in the best possible condition."

So he goes off in search of sport, and whether there be ground-game or driven birds or wild-fowl, it is all the same to him. The far or feather that gets away may indulge in self-congratulations. For the Doctor's eye is as keen in the field as in the consulting-room, his hand is as steady with the gun as with the lancet. It has been my privilege to bear him company on many occasions, and he would be the first to acknowledge that he is a bit of a martinet. He has his own theories with regard to the land, the sport, the guns, and the wind; if you have others, it is best to get rid of them, for there is no room for two sets of opinions.

The Doctor explains the action of the leaf or flower, and turns again to the field. We walk over grass-land with a dozen tussocks scattered here and there. Half-a-dozen he passes by; the next he walks up to and pushes with his foot. Away goes the rabbit that could not conceal its presence, goes free for fully thirty yards, and then turns a somersault, neatly shot through the head. The bag mounts, I forget my original intention to have a full day's shooting, and raise gun only if we put up partridges in easy range.

We put up for brief rest at some farmhouse or cottage. Somebody has an incurable ailment; the Doctor asks a few questions, gives a few directions or makes a note to send something from town. You know where he has been by the cures he leaves in his tracks. He is no faddist, but if you ask for his opinion you will have it—straight from the shoulder. If you don't find it palatable, so much the worse for you. In his fearless, outspoken honesty he reminds one of another distinguished Doctor, big-brained, big-hearted Max Nordau.

Shooting does not exhaust the Doctor's activity. He swims, is an expert fisherman, and, doubtless, in the days of lighter followed the hounds in his native county. Social problems, theology, geology, early forms of worship, forestry, sport in all its forms—these are but a few of the questions upon which he will discourse for hours, while, if the shooting is for the size of the bag rather than the exercise, he is silent as a partridge when a hawk is hovering above the stubble. From head to heel he is a sportsman, and only a sportsman may claim his company in the field. He rejects imitations with scant ceremony.

The Cockney, with or without gilt, is better off in the nearest county. Woe to the man who loiters to pick blackberries, or puts down a gun without drawing the cartridge, or goes over a fence with a gun at full-cock, or fires into hedge that is lined on either side! Woe to the cheerful idiot whose gun "goes off by mistake"!

And, having taken every ounce out of his holiday-time, the Doctor returns to town, and Monday's patients find him with strength renewed, like Antæus of old, from contact with the great Earth Mother. B.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

CONTRARY to general expectation, the wholesale booksellers report that the trade this summer has been considerably above the average. There seems every prospect of a particularly busy winter season, which will probably begin somewhat earlier than usual. The orders from the Colonies are becoming a strong feature in every publisher's business, and, although the South African market is still to all intents and purposes closed, the Australian orders show, I hear, a splendid increase. The sixpenny edition has, however, not improved the sales of the regular Colonial editions of fiction.

It is said that several publishers have announced their intention of issuing no more sixpenny editions—at least, for the present. It is generally admitted that there has been of late something of a glut in the market, and that several new issues have been rather extensively over-printed. It is obvious that there can be little or no profit for the publisher unless the printing order reaches forty thousand.

The outcry raised by Mr. Lovell's proposal to issue popular novels at a shilling is, I think, based on a misunderstanding. Mr. Lovell has met with enormous success in the United States, and he proposes to introduce his system into this country. His method is simple. He arranges with various publishers to issue twenty-five-cent cloth-bound editions of popular novels, of which the present sale in the ordinary dollar-and-a-half edition is very small. He advertises these books enormously, and gives the sole agency for each city to one of the great dry-goods stores. He takes up the position that these stores cannot expect their usual profit on these books—and the terms he gives them certainly allow a very small margin—because by advertising that the books can be obtained only through them he sends them a great number of new customers. The rivalry between the stores in the United States is such that an arrangement of this kind is not difficult. And it is easy to see that a similar plan might be effective in this country, for Mr. Lovell produces his new novels every week, and generally gives a page-advertisement to each new book, in which, of course, the name of the chosen agency is very prominent.

The difficulty which Mr. Lovell has had to contend against throughout his negotiations in America, and which he has fully overcome, is the question of royalty to author and publisher. This he fixes definitely and unalterably at two cents, or a penny. But in many cases the English author has already received one penny royalty on the now popular sixpenny edition. He has to decide (1) whether his publishers will think it worth while to issue a sixpenny edition of the novel which Mr. Lovell proposes to include in his series; (2) whether, supposing this sixpenny edition were issued, Mr. Lovell could sell at least twice as many at one shilling? The second question is merely a matter of faith in advertising, and, after recent experiences in the book world, who would care to place a limit on its power? I happen to know that one of the most popular authors of the day, a man of great shrewdness, has agreed to Mr. Lovell's propositions for America, and has not been dissatisfied with the result.

It must not be forgotten that Mr. Lovell does not, as I understand it, propose to issue new novels at a shilling. He confines himself to resuscitating and introducing to a great new public novels which have run their course in the ordinary six-shilling edition. This was the reason of existence of the sixpenny edition, and the only difference between Mr. Lovell's scheme and that of the English publisher is that the price of a shilling allows a large margin for advertising after the extra cost of the binding has been deducted.

Mr. Lovell's scheme does not, as many suppose, affect the position of the new six-shilling novel. Mr. Hall Caine had, I know, thought of introducing a radical change by making the price of "The Eternal City" two-and-sixpence, but the idea was abandoned after careful consideration. As I have stated time and again, the future price of the novel depends upon what royalty the author takes, upon whether he is willing to take less than half the present royalty in the hope of more than double the present sales. One thing is clear enough, and that is that, if the price of new fiction is further reduced, the second-rate novelist—I use the only available term for the writer who can count, say, on a steady sale of two thousand copies of each new book—will be in a parlous position. If once a really popular author risks his royalties and publishes a new novel at two-and-six, the other authors will be compelled to follow suit, and what profit is there in two thousand copies at half-a-crown? And, whatever the increase in sale in the works of a popular writer produced by the reduction of price, I think everyone will agree that there are many excellent writers who have a certain public which would not be materially added to by the reduction of price, but which would certainly not pay six shillings when books by more popular authors were issued at two-and-six. The abolition of the three-volume novel was a great blow to this class of writer, and a further reduction would be his doom.

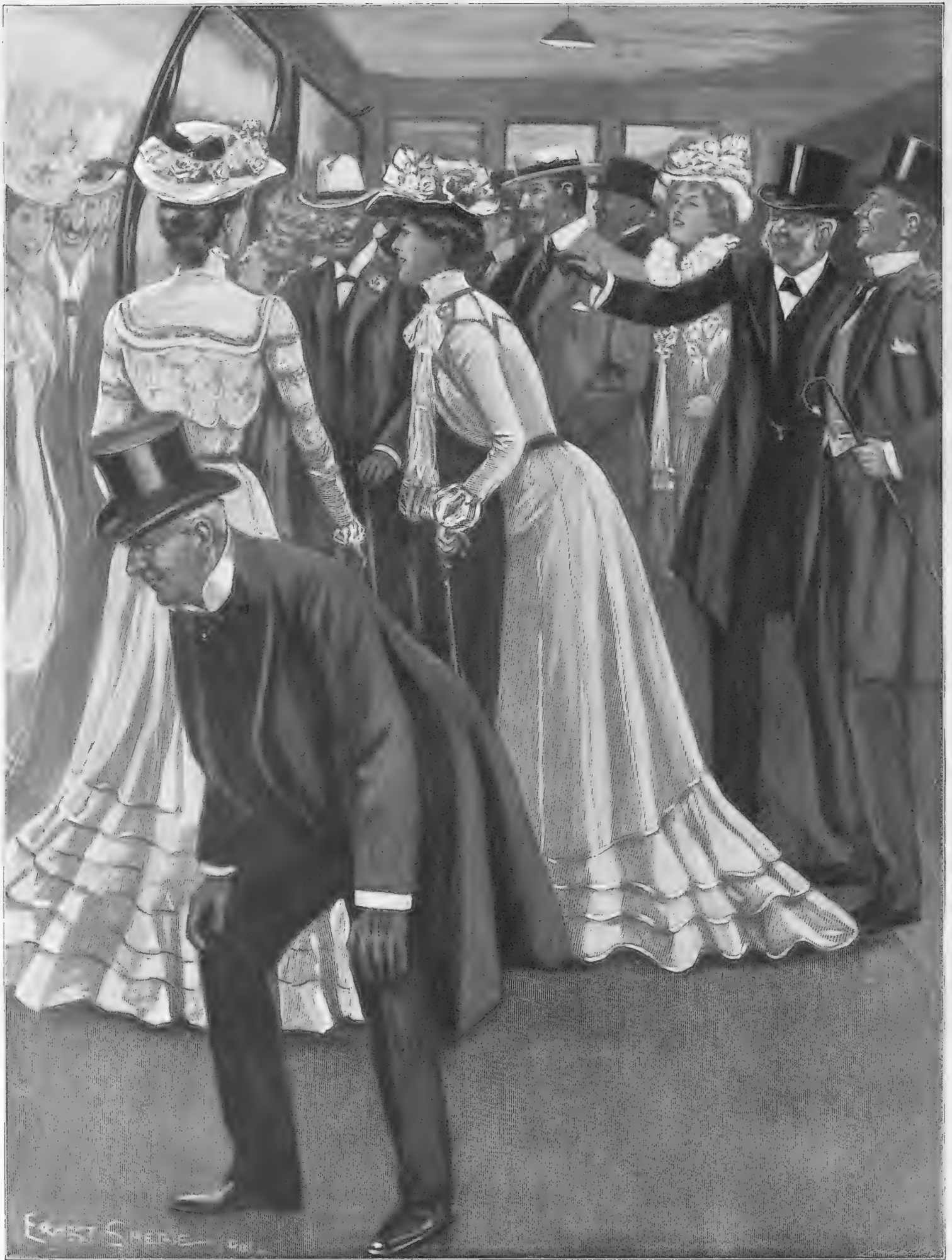
Booksellers' orders often contain some startling titles. The following are samples of those lately received by a great London house: "Boy, Muscle, and Peas" ("Bog, Myrtle, and Peat"), "Worcester's Diseases of the Callender" ("Worcester Diocesan Calendar"), "River Frozen, Silent Gold and Unstepped Lands" (Rev. Frazer's "Silent Gods and Sun-steeped Lands"), "Play Actress and Cricket in the Pandemonium Library" ("Play Actress," by Crockett, "Pseudonym Library"), "Pharaoh's Life of Christ" (Farrar's "Life of Christ"), "Improver's Story" ("Improvisatore"). o. o.



MISS FLORENCE ALLAN,

WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING MISS FLORENCE COLLINGBOURNE'S PART IN "THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



"THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND IS MAN."

One of the features of the popular Military Exhibition at Earl's Court is the Hall of Distorting Mirrors, which is an elaboration of the well-known "Pearce and Penty" mirrors. One is greeted with shouts of laughter on entering this curious exhibit, and is confronted with such grotesque reproductions of oneself and others, either abnormally thin or absurdly stout, that one is soon joining in the general hilarity.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

"WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE," AT THE COMEDY.

MR. H. V. ESMOND'S play is likely to enjoy as great a success in England as in the States. Even if Londoners know better than our American cousins that his picture of the Supper Club has little resemblance to the real thing—so much the better, perhaps. For playgoers will take infinite pleasure in the pretty love-story, admirably told and brilliantly acted, which for many a day will be presented at the Comedy Theatre, and be vastly amused by the humours of the four middle-aged guardians of "The Imp," who make a sad mess of their guardianship and leave their poor ward tied for a while to a very vile woman. Some may complain of "The Imp's" marriage, and suggest that such a painful note was hardly necessary, but it may be that the author thought the lad needed a sharp lesson. The new play is rather a triumph of treatment than invention. From the first, one could see that the romance of the middle-aged man and the maiden would end happily, in accordance with stage tradition, but the skill of Mr. Esmond in giving the charming, humorous, and pathetic atmosphere of the four guardians could hardly have been anticipated, and it proved irresistible. No doubt, one must ascribe much of the success to the remarkable acting of Mr. Goodwin, whose method is wonderfully fine in finish and ease, reminding one in a way of that of Mr. John Hare, most delicate and subtle of our comedians. Fortunately, his beautiful wife, Miss Maxine Elliott (whose pretty sister, Mrs. Forbes-Robertson, watched her triumph), played the part of Phyllis—the Phyllis beloved by all the guardians—with delightful charm and cleverness. One is sorry that Miss Constance Collier had a poor part as the wicked woman, and was even asked to sacrifice her beauty to the part, which, alas! can hardly be developed even to give her a fair chance of scoring as she did before in Mr. Esmond's other pretty play, "One Summer's Day," which we all enjoyed at the same theatre. Mr. Daly—what thoughts of drama and of the adorable Ada Rehan, with whom we first saw Miss Maxine Elliott, are called up by the name!—played the part of "The Imp," a very difficult part, very cleverly, and carried through admirably his scene in the last Act, where he even attempts to strike his benefactor. There were moments when the scene seemed too dangerous, but they passed quickly, owing to the tact of the two players. The most successful scenes in the play fortunately happened to be the prettiest, and it will be long ere playgoers forget the courtship of "Dick" Carewe by Phyllis, for "Dick" is so modestly bashful that the lady has to do all the wooing, and at moments even shows signs of finding the task a little too heavy. It would, perhaps, render it easier to understand Dick's attitude if Mr. Esmond would make him a little older. The forty-year-old man who considers himself middle-aged and done for cannot easily be found in real life. It may be that in a few years the author will modify his standard of antiquity.

"JOHN DURNFORD, M.P.," AT THE COURT.

The new four-Act play of "John Durnford, M.P.," by Mr. Stuart Ogilvie, author of "Hypatia," was produced at the Court Theatre last

Thursday night, and was followed with close attention by a brilliant audience. As will have been gathered from the outline of the story in last week's *Sketch*, politics figure prominently in the piece, and, in the performance, "John Durnford, M.P.," proved, on the whole, too heavy and sombre to be generally acceptable. What there was of light and cheerfulness was very welcome. The mercurial Major O'Callaghan, blithe and genial Irish sportsman and journalist, and his sweet, handsome, and graceful daughter, Jennie, most winsomely impersonated by Miss Ellis Jeffreys, brightened the scene whenever they appeared, whether at the Casino of Chapelle-les-Bains, at the Work Girls' Institute at Blackburn, in the inn-parlour, or in the electioneering Committee-room. Jennie O'Callaghan is, indeed, the "goddess in the machine." It is she who brings back the glow of love to the M.P. plunged into gloom from the fact that his wife has long been incarcerated in a lunatic asylum. It is Jennie who arrives at the railway hotel at which the M.P.'s flighty daughter is dining clandestinely with the roud Leader of the Party, the Marquis of Northwold, in the nick of time to

save the scapegrace lady's fair fame by pretending it was she (Jennie) who was feasting with the lordly libertine. It is Jennie who in the final Act pours the balm of love into John Durnford's breast, and is ready to risk all for his happiness, and, indeed, rouses that grim personage to declare his passion for her and his readiness to forsake political life itself to bask in the sunshine of her affection. It needs only the opportune news of the lunatic wife's death to complete their bliss. But, as that news does not come, they agree to part—he to continue his Parliamentary duties, she to endeavour to assuage her grief as she best may—a lame and impotent conclusion which might obviously be avoided.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys, whose clear voice is softened, was throughout admirable in every phase of the character she enacted to the life. And the best parts of Mr. Frederick Kerr's careful assumption of "John Durnford, M.P." were those in which he smilingly betrayed his growing affection for the good-hearted Irish girl. As Lady St. Cyr, Miss May Harvey was likewise commendably vivacious, and the debonair if dissolute Lord found a polished representative in Mr. Julius Knight. The skittish Lady Arthur Hone of Miss Sarah Brooke was another

excellent bit of characterisation. Mr. Herbert Standing, well made-up, was a jovial, broguish Major O'Callaghan; and Mr. G. W. Anson gave a broad caricature of Ely Jubber, M.P. A word of praise should be added for Mr. R. C. Herz's clever and amusing bit of character-acting as the complacent and self-important Mayor.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

I have been very glad to see the enormous audiences attending the Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall. Mr. Robert Newman's success is well deserved. He gives the finest music, the finest orchestra, and the best Conductor of the day. Mr. Wood deserves the gratitude of all music-lovers for introducing the great orchestral works of the Russian composer Tchaikowsky, a musician entitled to rank with the most famous German masters. But everything under Mr. Wood's direction is played to perfection. Still, I hope Mr. Newman will always strive to give the preference to British musicians in his orchestra—a practice which should be adopted by every other London Manager. Encourage the young musicians of our own Colleges of Music, gentlemen!



THE SIX LIVELY BRIDESMAIDS IN "THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

thanks to Mr. Brewer's careful rehearsals, was bound to be a grand success this week, and to yield an immense amount of pleasure to the hosts of visitors flocking to the city. The sublime strains of "The Messiah" and of "Elijah," rendered by the *élite* of British vocalists



MR. FRED KERR, WHO PRODUCED AND PLAYS THE NAME-PART IN "JOHN DURNFORD, M.P.," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W

and instrumentalists, never fail to be appreciated at our great Musical Festivals. From Gloucester, the musicians go to the Leeds Festival, which Dr. Villiers Stanford is to conduct.

MISS SYBIL CARLISLE,

who charmed us all at the Haymarket in "The Second in Command," has taken the place of Miss Hilda Rivers (whose indisposition will be widely regretted), as the heroine of "A Man of His Word," at the Imperial, in which military drama by Mr. Boyle Lawrence Mr. Waring and Mr. H. B. Irving are so strong.

GLASGOW

has this week additional attractions, besides its superlatively attractive Exhibition. Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry are appearing at the Royal in a round of their famous characters.

MR. ARTHUR COLLINS

has chosen the 19th inst. for the production of Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new melodrama, "The Great Millionaire," at renovated Drury Lane Theatre.

MR. TREE REOPENS HER MAJESTY'S

on Oct. 7 with his beautifully mounted "Twelfth Night," with which and with "Herod" he is delighting Manchester this week.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE AND MISS WINIFRED EMERY

are meeting with great success on tour in "The Second in Command," in which delightful modern comedy they are to reappear at the Haymarket on Oct. 14.

MRS. KENDAL'S "ELDER MISS BLOSSOM"

is admitted to be one of this celebrated actress's most sympathetic and best parts, and it is good news that she will commence her season at the St. James's on Sept. 16 in this sweet, womanly character.

AT TERRY'S THEATRE,

Mr. Yorke Stephens will, towards the end of the month, preface "The Giddy Goat" with "Mercédès," a new play in two scenes by the well-known American author, Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE PRINCESS'S.

At the end of this month, Mr. Frank de Jong, who has managed to keep busy in South Africa in spite of the War, will try a London season at the Princess's Theatre. Mr. H. Godfrey Turner, whose services to the Empire Theatre terminated only a week or two ago, is to be Mr. de Jong's Acting-Manager. Mr. Turner is the son of a well-known brilliant journalist associated with the staff of the *Daily Telegraph* for

many years, and is brother to the Godfrey Turner whose songs to pretty stage-girls, over the *nom-de-guerre* "The Call-Boy," were for some years a familiar feature of lighter journalism.

MISS MINNIE TERRY,

whose portrait is reproduced in this number, is a member of the immortal stage family of that name; a niece of Miss Ellen Terry, and daughter of Charles Terry. Miss Terry made her first professional appearance when only three years of age at the Standard Theatre in Miss Fortescue's revival of "Frou-Frou," and, if I mistake not, it is with that actress-manager that she is now playing juvenile leads. After "Frou-Frou," little Minnie played the child's part in "Partners," "A White Lie," "A Man's Shadow," and "Editha's Burglar" most delightfully, and then was "removed" for further education, not returning from France till she was eighteen. Since then she has been kept constantly busy in the prettiest of *ingénue* rôles.

THE FURNISHING OF THE CENTURY THEATRE

is so extremely tasteful that it is but just to compliment the well-known firm of Maple and Co. upon its beauty and excellence, from the elegantly appointed Royal Box and Lounge to the comfortable seats of the remarkably commodious Upper Balcony.

CAST OF "THE UNDERCURRENT," AT THE CRITERION.

Mr. Charles Wyndham and Mr. Arthur Bourchier will produce Mr. R. C. Carton's original comedy (plot of which is given in *The Sketch* "Small Talk") next Saturday night. The Company, it will be seen, is exceedingly strong—

Sir Frank Keniston	MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.
Lawrence (his brother)	MR. A. E. MATTHEWS.
Marquess of Leckenby	MR. DAWSON MILWARD.
Lord Dulverton (his son)	MR. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH.
Lord Shelmerdine	MR. ARTHUR HARE.
Colonel Wragby	MR. ERNEST HENDRIE.
Gresham Banthorpe (of the Diplomatic Service)	MR. ERIC LEWIS.
Joshua Sapcott	MR. ARTHUR WILLIAMS.
Hewetson (Butler at Leckenby Castle)	MR. L. STERNEL.
Lady Shelmerdine	MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.
Marchioness of Leckenby	MISS LENA HALLIDAY.
Lady Imogen Glenmore (her niece)	MISS MURIEL ASHWYNNE.
Melpomene (Sapcott's niece)	MISS ANNA ROBINSON.
Janet (Parlourmaid to Countess Zechyadi)	MISS NELLIE SYDNEY.
Countess Zechyadi	MISS COMPTON.

ACT I.—Boudoir in Countess Zechyadi's Flat in Belgravia. Two months elapse. (The remainder of the action passes in the Hall at Leckenby Castle.)

ACT II.—Before dinner.

ACT III.—The same evening. After dinner.

ACT IV.—The next evening.

MR. F. R. BENSON'S COMPANY

commenced its autumn tour at Brighton, and on Monday last was at the Fulham Grand Theatre. Programme for the week: "Hamlet," "Henry the Fifth," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Richard the Third," with, by way of variety, Sheridan's "School for Scandal" on Friday.



MISS MAY HARVEY, WHO PLAYS LADY ST. CYR IN "JOHN DURNFORD, M.P.," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photo by Guttenberg, Manchester.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Round-the-World Enthusiasts—The Impecunious Globe-Girdler—The Bicycle as a Smuggler's Accessory—An Over-Zealous Customs Officer—Position Awheel: Hints How to Secure the Best.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Sept. 11, 7.23; Thursday, 7.21; Friday, 7.19; Saturday, 7.16; Sunday, 7.14; Monday, 7.12; Tuesday, 7.9.

To pedal a bicycle around the world still exercises a great fascination for aspirants to cycling fame. During the past fifteen years, numberless



MR. N. E. KAUFMANN, THE CELEBRATED TRICK-CYCLIST, NOW AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

attempts have been made to encompass the globe on wheels, but of the hundreds who have started only a very few indeed have succeeded in the task. This want of success is not to be wondered at when it is considered that the majority who set out on this big undertaking start utterly unprovided for in those first essentials necessary to achieving their ends. These are a well-filled purse, a sound, robust constitution, experience of travel, knowledge of languages, and some geographical cognition. It is really laughable to read of the doings of some of these would-be globe-girdlers (they usually come from America); the beating of tin cans, horn-blowing, and flag-waving which announce the start of the intrepid wheelman on his great expedition, and then the subsequent disappearance of the hero into oblivion ere he has reached the confines of his own country.

Singularly enough, the only properly authenticated rides around the world have been accomplished by Englishmen, and in every case the undertaking has been a serious and earnest endeavour from start to finish. Our Transatlantic friend usually sets out in the most light-hearted, happy-go-lucky manner. As a rule, the object of the attempt is to win a bet, and the conditions of the wager are invariably that the wheelman shall travel without money, live on the charity of the people he meets, and return to his native land with a round sum got by begging. This 'cute American notion has been copied by impecunious cyclists on the Continent, and during the past two years several round-the-world expeditions have started out with the same pitiful object in view.

Cyclists travelling between England and the Continent are being subjected to a recurrence of an old-harassment. This is a rigid examination of the bicycle-tyres for the discovery of smuggled tobacco or spirits. The best we can do is to put up with the

infliction as cheerfully as we can, deflate the tyres, and oblige the gentleman of the Customs as far as possible. My experience of many frontiers teaches me that one cannot be too obliging with a Customs officer. He wields a lot of power, and has a nasty habit of exercising it when his temper is ruffled. The smuggling of spirits in bicycle-tyres, although by no means a new trick, is distinctly ingenious, and much credit is due to the vigilant Revenue officer who first realised that tyres can be inflated by other means than air.

The astute officer who discovered the trick had had his suspicions aroused by the extremely frequent passage to and fro of a well-dressed cyclist between England and France, and was puzzled time after time at the difference in the weight of his bicycle at departure and return. An examination of the tyres revealed the mystery, and from that day forth cyclists were worried considerably by the careful examination which their innocent-looking machines underwent. Returning from a Continental tour in 1895 (soon after the trick was discovered), my own machine was subjected to this close scrutiny. The zealous officer clutched at the tyres of the bicycle with an iron grip. Knowing that one of the outer covers was loose, I implored the officer to be careful; but I think my plea only increased the gentleman's suspicions, for with a mighty wrench he tore off one of the covers. Out came the inner tube, which, being fully inflated with air, swelled out into a big balloon and then burst with a terrific bang in the face of the officer, who, evidently under the impression that he had struck an infernal machine, fell over the counter with the bicycle on top of him. The poor fellow's consternation was so great that he quite forgot to examine my bag, which neglect saved me a few shillings on dutiable cigars.

Position on the bicycle is one of the most important considerations towards comfortable cycling, yet it is very little understood and very little studied. Many new-comers to the pastime have very soon tired of their new love, declaring cycling laborious and uncomfortable. The complaints are usually that the saddle is hurtful, that the back aches after even a little ride, and that the arms get tired sooner than the legs. They do not realise that all this is entirely due to the position they have assumed on the machine, and, ignorant of adjustment, are content to ride the bicycle just as it is sent out by the maker or the agent. As no two persons are alike, so do no two persons ride alike, and it is only by constant use of the spanner in the first few days of the novitiate that the perfect and comfortable position can be secured.

Sometimes it is the saddle being too high, too low, too far forward, or too far back. Sometimes it is the handle-bars being too high, too low, too narrow, or too wide. The novice must study these details, and should observe the position assumed by those more experienced in cycling. There are general rules which cannot be overlooked, and by following them and adjusting them to the trifling idiosyncrasies of the individual the best position will be secured and comfort awheel secured. These general rules are that the handle-bar ends should be a couple of inches higher than the horizontal of the saddle-top. The saddle itself should be perfectly level, or, if tilted at all, very slightly so at the peak. The distance between the saddle-top to the pedal at its lowest point should be the measure of the leg from crutch to ankle. The nose or peak of the saddle should be two to three inches behind the perpendicular of the bottom bracket, where is the front chain-wheel, and the body should not bend forward in order to grasp the handles. R. L. J.

THE KAUFMANN TROUPE OF TRICK-CYCLISTS.

Quite one of the most wonderful troupes of trick-cyclists now to be seen in London are the clever Kaufmanns at the London Hippodrome. Mr. Nick Kaufmann, the senior of the famous family, was formerly a fine track-rider, and is the holder of numerous medals for racing and trick-riding. His family take after him in every way.



THE GREAT KAUFMANN TROUPE OF CYCLISTS AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Doncaster.

I have so many times touched on the race for the St. Leger that I am not sorry it is about to take place at last. It is a thousand pities that rumours to the detriment of the favourite should have been rife. I hope he will go to the post fit and well; if he does, he should win comfortably, and my opinion is the race will result thus: Volodyovski, 1; Veronese, 2; Revenue, 3. True, the followers of Marsh's stable fancy Fortunatus for a place, and, with Maher in the saddle, the colt may get it, if he is better than Revenue. The race for the Doncaster Cup should attract a lot of attention. With a run granted, I should plump for Merry Gal, who, I know, would not be started unless she were good enough to win. By-the-bye, Mrs. Robinson, the wife of W. Robinson, the trainer of the mare, wears a very pretty brooch with the name "Merry Gal" studded in diamonds. Mr. Bob Sievier will, I am told, appropriate all the valuable two-year-old races at the Doncaster meeting, although Lavengro is not quite the champion he was said to be by the critics.

The Autumn Handicaps.

The handicappers have given us some exciting puzzles to work out during the next few weeks, but it would serve no good purpose to go into the merits of horses engaged in the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire until after the acceptances are published. I have for weeks received from

"A. P."

I think it was "Father" Willing, of King's Cross, who originated the phrase, "The place to spend an A.-P. day," in relation to the Alexandra Palace. Anyway, he made things hum to a lively tune the while he played the part of lessee of the Palace and grounds. I am very glad that the various changes which have taken place up North have not in any way interfered with the prosperity of the Alexandra Park race-meeting, which is run on real live lines, thanks to the administrative ability of Mr. F. H. Cathcart, who is one of our most enterprising racecourse officials. The last meeting of the year at Alexandra Park takes place on Saturday, and there should be a record crowd, provided the weather keeps fine. A feature of the day's sport will be the September Sale Handicap of a thousand sovereigns, the winner to be sold for a hundred sovereigns. Some top-sawyers have accepted, and there should be a large field of good horses at the post. According to my reading of the race, it should be won by Ilaka or King's Quest.

Steeplechasing.

I am afraid the season under National Hunt Rules will be a tame one, and we sadly miss the late Lord William Beresford at the jumping business. Mr. Bulteel has a useful string of jumpers in Collins's stable, but the Lewes and Epsom stables are weak, and the majority of the steeplechasers are now being trained privately. Gentlemen of position will not encourage the jumping business. They object to paying big entry-fees and jockeys'

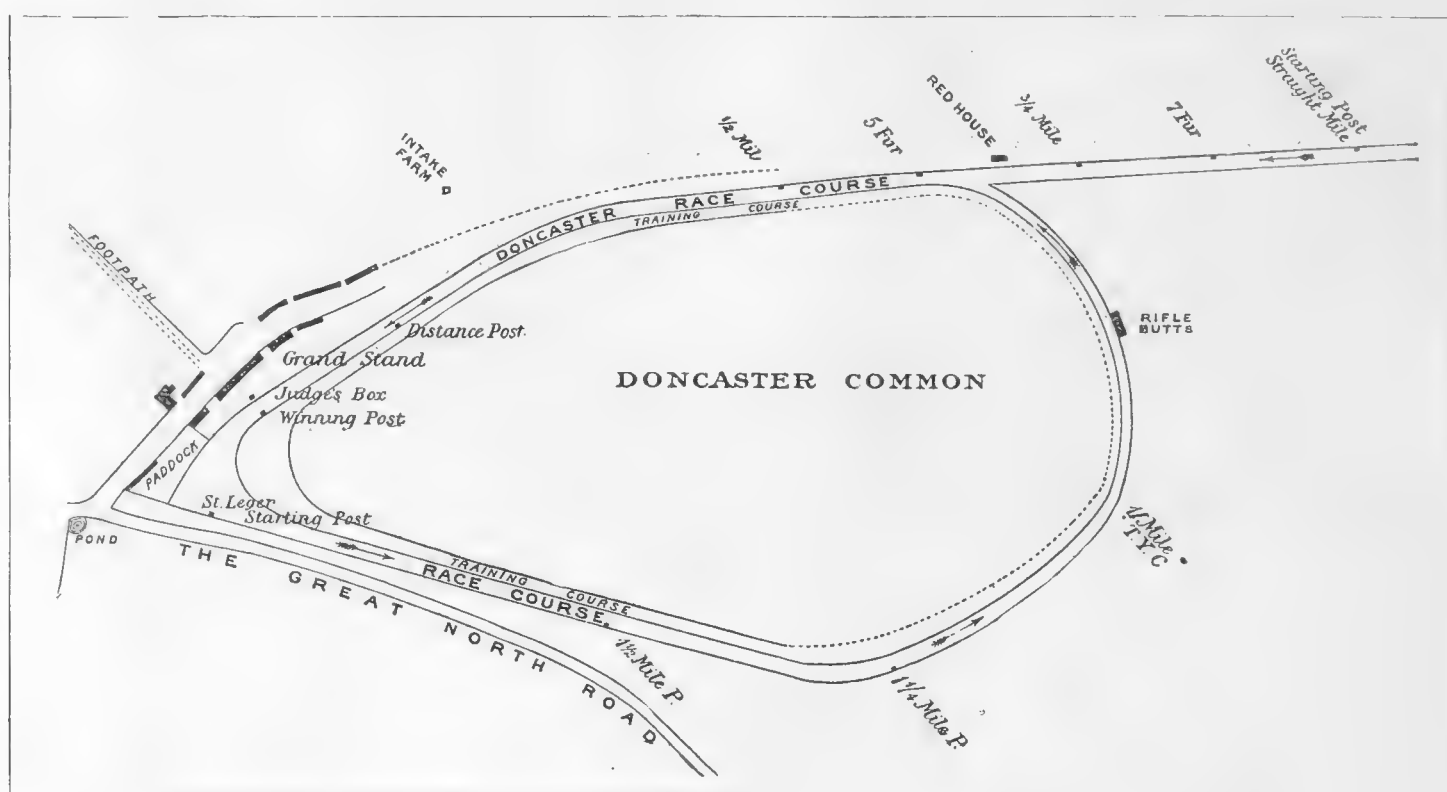


CHART OF THE ST. LEGER COURSE AT DONCASTER.

Reproduced by Messrs. Methuen's permission from Mr. Richardson's "The English Turf: A Record of Horses and Courses."

unknown correspondents free tips for the long race. Parthian II., Laffan, and Stoccado are a trio the crowd has anxiously been waiting for. The first-named, according to one of my informants, could fall down and win. I cannot make Stoccado out a winner on anything he has done this year, but he may come improved of late. Laffan is a regular mud-lark. He won easily in the early spring, but could do nothing on the hard ground at Epsom in the race for the Great Metropolitan. The Cambridgeshire I must leave alone for the present, for, strange and sad to relate, I have heard of nothing special for this race. I am told Caiman will win the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton Park.

Totnes Races.

The popular meeting under National Hunt Rules held at Totnes last week attracted an enormous crowd, but the sport was not up to average. Totnes is the funniest course in England. To get to the Grand Stand it is necessary to cross a running stream, and the horses taking part in steeplechases have to go under the railway-bridge that crosses the River Dart. When the tide is up, the horses have to swim the bridge, and it was in doing this that Lord Marcus Beresford was very nearly drowned, or thought he might have been, many years ago. At any rate, he did not ride at the meeting again. After getting under the bridge referred to, the horses go up a hill, round a gentleman's mansion, down the hill again, crossing ploughed fields, then into the road, and across on to the course again. It is a natural course that takes a lot of doing, and it is a fair test of a steeplechaser's stamina. The meeting had to be held earlier this year, as the tide would not serve for the proper date.

fees to take their chance of winning £50 plates. Further, the ditch-fences are dangerous, and many sportsmen are shy of letting horses worth, say, two thousand guineas apiece run the risk of having their necks broken at the open slanting graves. I do not think the National Hunt game will ever become popular until the Committee co-operate with all the Masters of Foxhounds throughout the country and hold many more meetings over a fair, natural country. The jumps at Aintree and Sandown are stiff enough, in all conscience, but they are all adapted to natural hunters, and many of the fences are real tricky

Old Age.

Youth will be served at racing as well as at all other sports and pastimes requiring skill to make them successful. The bookmaker may be a big success and make his pile before he is fifty, but let him continue to lay 'em day after day after he has turned sixty and you can engage that in a few years he will lose all that he has made and a bit more. The plunger is in the same plight when he continues his favourite calling after he should have retired. The jockey is slow off the mark when he has turned forty, and even the old racecourse-official can tell you only that grey hairs are honourable. All of which reminds me of what once happened on one of the daily sporting-papers. A new manager, a very enterprising man, had arrived on the scene, and he desired to make certain changes in the style of the matter put in the paper. The chief "sub." resented the intrusion, and flaunted his own thirty years' experience as an argument. He received notice to quit forthwith, as the new man argued that the old one had been connected with the paper far too long! CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

TWO days of town last week, full of hurry, rush, and scramble, did not leave one overmuch time for close observation of the fashions. Still, as a certain amount of furbishing is inevitable between the end of one visit and the beginning of another, one saw enough to convince one that, rumours to the contrary notwithstanding, nothing



[Copyright]

A TRAVELLING-COAT OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH WITH GREEN FACINGS.

very startling, sartorially speaking, had so far shed its radiance on shop-window or salon. Perhaps I ought to except Ernest, of Regent Street, from these allegations, however. I spent half-an-hour at No. 185 with an American friend, to whom Ernest of New York was as familiar as Ernest of Regent Street is to smart women in town, and a most instructive, not to say dazzling, half-hour it was. Of all the fine garments with which we were surrounded, the coats pleased me most. Glorified manteaux for driving or riding or walking variously intrigued me to envious desire; dainty little bolero-coats of soft chinchilla set forth with beautifully embroidered collars of velvet and sequins in cloudy grey to match; dark rich reds, sombre browns, exquisite in *chic* and cut; long mantles of semi-fitting coats of suave, silky broad-tail, strapped and appliqué cloth or silk in a fashion of seductiveness impossible to convey with the mere scratching of pen on paper.

The meaning of all these successes is that Mr. Ernest is a master of his trade and possesses original ideas as well as the means of carrying them out to absolute perfection. If proof of this were needed, it lies in the fact that many models of superlative tailor-mades are being constantly designed in this house for Paris itself, a reversal of the classic order of things on which they of 185, Regent Street, may justly preen themselves. I shall be curious to see the development of this spirit in Mr. Ernest's new premises recently opened for the exclusive exploitation of evening-gowns. Perhaps a prophet has at last risen in

our midst who will give as well as receive inspiration on the ineffable subject of clothes even in hitherto unapproachable Paris itself.

Apropos of all this undeniably superior *chic* which we are forced to admit in Parisian and American women, it has often occurred to me that our own dressmakers are considerably handicapped; as those of the former places are assisted, by the personal elegance and the grace of gait which are, broadly speaking, inherent in women of both these nationalities and lamentably absent in those of our own. English-women have, for one thing, been immemorially accused of owning big feet, and this, if it were true, would doubtless account for some clumsiness of locomotion, but not for all. We have been more particular, too, of late years about being well-booted than formerly. It is something more than merely large feet, however. We are not taught to walk, for one thing, and we are not trained to a sufficient particularity in detail for another.

One cannot come on a Transatlantic or Lutetian cousin from behind without noting the graceful, undulating gait and careful detail of hair, collar, waist, and petticoat-frill that characterise both, all of which has long deeply convinced me that our dressmakers—regarded *en bloc*, not the few bright particular “stars”—have at least as much to deplore in us as we in them, even though they have not our privilege of recrimination, and cannot, like us, wax voluble over grievances.

The inestimable convenience of “Spiratine” can never be thoroughly appreciated until one finds oneself, at the end of a long journey, with tousled fringe perhaps, not to mention a longing for a comforting cup



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING GOWN FOR EARLY AUTUMN BY ERNEST, OF REGENT STREET, W.

of tea, and yet be unable to satisfy one's longing for tidiness on one hand and refreshment on the other. In such disconsolate dilemma did I find myself lately, after a five-hours' jolting on a dusty French diligence, and no *esprit-de-vin* procurable for tea-basket or curling-tongs in the

benighted village at which a halt was made. Some thrice-blessed member of our party triumphantly produced a large tin of solidified spirit from her dressing-bag, however, and the speedy transformation in our "altogethers" that ensued is not to be overrated. In future, I can at least be assured that none of those present will face life lightly without the comforting assurance that a tin of "Spiratine" is in attendance.

Saturday's Sandown was more a tailor-made occasion than otherwise, as the September race-meetings usually are. But there was a fair proportion of flummery and finery notwithstanding, and even the sporting contingent, which scorns to attire on such occasions otherwise than in tweed, was suitably smart in the matter of cravats and millinery. There was no sign of the talked-of short skirt, for which I am glad. It is useful and comfortable, but it is neither as becoming nor as smart as the much-abused train. What a lot of stuff has been talked about, by the way, in connection with that same trained skirt and the spread of dust, disease, and microbes! If these accusers would only stop to reflect and ask themselves if, though our skirts be trained and trailing, are they ever allowed to trail? Emphatically they are not. Who has ever seen a woman dragging her draperies along road or pavement? No one! As a matter of fact, we collect far less matter in the wrong place, now that the length of our dresses obliges them to be held up than in the days of walking-length skirts, which in wet weather were certainly not "pur" though they may have been "simple."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROSE-LEAF (Chatham).—Without being a specialist—on complexions—I think the old family doctor's advice of pure air and a vegetable diet might be assisted by that excellent specific, Dinneford's Fluid Magnesia, with advantage. It is indispensable for goutily disposed persons, being the enemy of all acidity, and therefore invaluable in giving tone to the system.

VOYAGEUSE.—You should take some of Chivers's Cambridge Lemonade Crystals with you. These make a pleasant effervescent drink and are easily carried.

NETTIE L. (Pontresina).—It would, of course, be very splendid to have your coat-of-arms worked in Irish point for your Coronation gala-dress. I fancy they can carry out any design of the sort either at the Convent of Mercy, Youghal, or at the Convent, Kilkenny. The lace industry is brought to high perfection at both places.

SYBIL.

MISS ETHEL NEWMAN.

Miss Ethel Newman is now touring in England as the Ice Maiden, Edna May's late part in "The Girl from Up There," and in it has scored a great success. She has a sweet voice and a pretty face, to which she adds the charm of entirely unaffected manners. Miss Newman



MISS ETHEL NEWMAN, WHO PLAYS EDNA MAY'S PART IN "THE GIRL FROM UP THERE," AT THE KENNINGTON.

Photo by Warwick Brookes, Manchester.

made her first appearance at the Garrick Theatre, about four years ago, in the revival of "La Périhole," with Miss Florence St. John. Later, she was secured by Mr. George Edwards for "The Circus Girl," at the Gaiety, and then went to Daly's for "The Geisha." She was then engaged by Messrs. Williamson and Musgrove for the leading part in the first touring company of "The Belle of New York."

PORT SUNLIGHT HEROES.

Port Sunlight has ever been renowned for its great beauty, for its good government, its happy inhabitants, its enterprise, and for many other things; but up to recently no one has remarked the bravery of its inhabitants. It is certain that the little village can hold its own with credit with any village of an equal size in the matter of bravery, if not in everything else; and this fact was strikingly emphasised a few days ago, when five heroes—four resident in Port Sunlight—were awarded gold medals by Messrs. Lever for their plucky actions in time of danger. A "Port Sunlight Order of Conspicuous Merit" was inaugurated with great success at the meeting, each of the five who had saved life becoming members of the Order by receiving a gold medal. The holders of the medals will have good reason to feel proud of themselves for their actions, and they will also know that their unselfish deeds have not passed unrewarded in the place where they reside. Though merit may be its own reward, a recognition of this sort must be always welcome to the recipient.



MESSRS. LEVER BROS.' PRESENTATION MEDAL FOR ACTS OF BRAVERY.

ALTERATIONS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

To the Round Tower and the State Apartments at Windsor, which have for some time past been closed to the public, has now to be added the Curfew Tower, little of the Castle now being left to the sightseer or tourist. Impending alterations include the fitting-up for the children of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York of the suite of nurseries built over the State apartments some ten years ago for the children of Princess Henry of Battenberg. These rooms, commodious, light, and airy, protected on three sides by the huge chimneys and roofs of the older portion of the building, command a magnificent view of the Home Park, Eton, Stoke Poges, and the hills and woods beyond. In accordance with the directions of Princess Victoria, the bedroom and boudoir formerly occupied by Princess Henry of Battenberg are being fitted up for her use. In the scheme of colour, in which yellow and white will be discriminatively employed, blue is the principal item.

BRIGHT BADEN-BADEN.

I rather wonder more English people do not find their way to Baden-Baden. If report be true, they did far more frequently in the gay old days, when Baden-Baden was the greatest gambling resort on the Continent. Now, this really brilliant "Bad" is neglected by our brave countrymen and fair countrywomen in favour of Homburg and Carlsbad, but a great many American and French Society folk make a point of returning there each year for the race-week, and several British sportsmen gathered together to see Sir John Blundell Maple's Royal Majesty come in second in the race for the Fürstenberg Memorial Stakes. The great personage at Baden-Baden just now is the Sultan of Johore, an Eastern potentate who has become so Western in his habits that he prides himself on being one of the best Whips in Europe. Another Eastern magnate who has become to all intents and purposes a European is Isset Pasha, the brother-in-law of the Khedive. Those who really enjoy cosmopolitan society will find it at the full at Baden-Baden, and every type of feminine beauty—Italian, Spanish, American, Roumanian, Russian, Hungarian, and even Turkish—is to be seen here in full perfection at the great entertainment given in the fine old rooms which once echoed to the sound of the roulette-balls.

Mr. John Newlands, Controller of the Telegraphs, Edinburgh, has just been appointed to be Traffic Manager, with headquarters at the "G.P.O." London. Mr. Newlands entered the Postal Telegraph service as a messenger, has climbed up steadily since, and was appointed Superintendent in 1898, while still under forty. Mr. Newlands is a smart, well-informed man, and is likely to go still further.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to command that a copy of Lady Florence Dixie's sporting novel, "Little Chérie; or, The Trainer's Daughter," should be sent to him. The book will be ready by the middle of this month, and is the first of a series of shilling sporting novels to be published monthly by Messrs. Anthony Treherne and Co., Limited, 3, Agar Street, Strand, W.C.

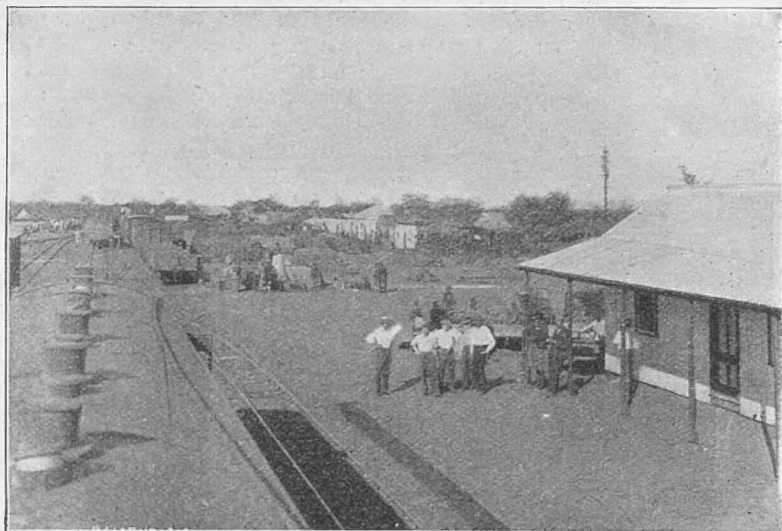
The Great Central Railway announces, for Saturdays, the 14th and 28th, cheap express excursions from London (Marylebone) to the Midlands, Lincolnshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North-Eastern district. Tickets will be issued, for three, six, or eight days, to nearly two hundred stations, including Manchester, Liverpool, Leicester, Nottingham, Hull, Carlisle, Darlington, Halifax, Huddersfield, Sheffield, Scarborough, Sunderland, Whitby, and York.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 25.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE tragical news of the attempted assassination of President McKinley having been received on a Saturday, the Stock Exchange had time to think the matter over quietly, while the concerted action of the New York financiers also went to prevent panic in Wall Street, although Milwaukee fell $8\frac{1}{2}$ points and other shares declined in proportion. But that there should have been considerable



PALAPYE STATION, ABOUT TWO HUNDRED MILES NORTH OF MAFEKING.

agitation on both sides of the Atlantic was only natural; the surprising part of the matter is that the terrible affair resulted in no worse trouble. It is remembered what frantic scenes ensued upon receipt of the news announcing President Lincoln's death by an assassin's hand, while at the time of President Garfield's assassination the Yankee Market was also severely shaken. Last Monday morning, however, Yankees opened in a fever of buying, prices being a couple of dollars above New York parity nearly all round. Other markets felt the shock slightly, of course, but buying orders rolled in at low prices in every direction, and the threatened danger passed with comparative ease over the head of the stock markets in London.

THE GENERAL POSITION.

With what feelings the near approach of Sept. 15 may be regarded by the Boers in the Transvaal and Free State we cannot say, but its advent is anticipated with sentiments akin to nervousness by London operators in Kaffirs and in Consols as well. Up to the time of writing, the Boers show no great keenness in surrendering, and, unless they do, there must be disappointment once again in the Kaffir Circus. Concerning Consols, it is argued that no substantial advance can be looked for until the end of the War is actually sighted. Grand Trunks have been sold during the past week by people ready to take profits, but the prospects of bumper traffics during October and November are responsible for the hardness of the market, which also, of course, has capital figures to go upon for August and September. Trunks are rapidly rising in favour as a popular gamble, while other erstwhile preferences are left in autumnal shade. The Jungle Market, for example, is curiously neglected, and its near neighbour, the Mexican Railway department, is hardly ever noticed except by a few seasoned supporters. Westralians are the noisiest section of the Stock Exchange, but the animation is too professional to produce much lasting benefit. And perhaps the quietest market of all is the Home Railway, where only Scotch and Electrical stocks receive any attention worth mentioning. "Twopenny Tube" descriptions are being put along at a good pace, while Waterloo and City is advancing a shade. Business all round the House is quiet, but gives signs of improving. When the War is done, we may confidently look for better times in the Rhodesian list, sympathetically with Kaffirs. For the two Rhodesian views we publish this week our thanks are due to the courtesy of the British South Africa Company.

IN THE MONEY MARKET.

Fears of dearer money are now the principal skeleton in the cupboard of the financial world. They may be heard bone-rattling in the Consol Market and in Lombard Street, where faces are immediately lengthened whenever the money position is discussed. The Bank of England's dividend of 5 per cent. is now practically declared, but the Old Lady's last return was not particularly favourable, and those who for weeks past have been prophesying dearer money may soon get a chance of proudly pointing to the fulfilment of their prognostications. New York has none too much money on hand, especially as the farmers in the interior are clamouring for accommodation in order to help them move their crops. Paris will probably want all her gold so that she can replenish the Czar's coffers—we can hardly doubt but that the Imperial visit will be followed by a Russian Loan. Germany is in a state of chronic shortness of cash, so that, taking affairs all round, it might not be difficult to

advance rates in London, although last week the supply was superabundant. The New South Wales Loan will deplete the floating amount of money to some extent, and with the coming of autumn there will probably be an increase of activity in company-promoters' offices.

WEST AUSTRALIANS.

Increasing interest is being taken in Westralian shares of the better class, and the market is experiencing the chastened joy of resurrection to a mild degree. It can hardly be said that the public is taking any sort of a hand in the revival so far, although there are a few indications of speculators casting a favourable eye upon Kangaroos. Although the lessons of the Globe collapse are still green in everybody's memory, it must not be forgotten that one section of the speculative community is perfectly willing to enter into engagements in any market where chances of making money are visible, regardless of odour clinging to the particular department. By making things a little bit lively, the professionals in the Stock Exchange are attracting some slight notice to their market, and that is why there are occasional inquiries afoot as to the advisability of buying Ivanhoe, Lake View, or Perseverance.

Naturally enough, the oft-repeated yarn about an amalgamation between the most powerful groups in the field is again doing duty, but its so frequent appearance is of itself sufficient to cover it with incredulity, to say nothing of emphatic denial published on behalf of one of the leading members connected with the group. In a sense, no doubt a wholesale amalgamation would be a desirable consummation, always providing that the directorate were aboveboard and of fearless integrity. But, while the millennium of Westralian Mining is afar off, we have to take things as they are. At the moment they are distinctly hazy, and without a more pronounced feeling in the market we should hesitate to advise a purchase of West Australians yet. The time is coming, but we should let the market blossom into more promising activity before counselling purchases of the best shares, let alone the rubbish.

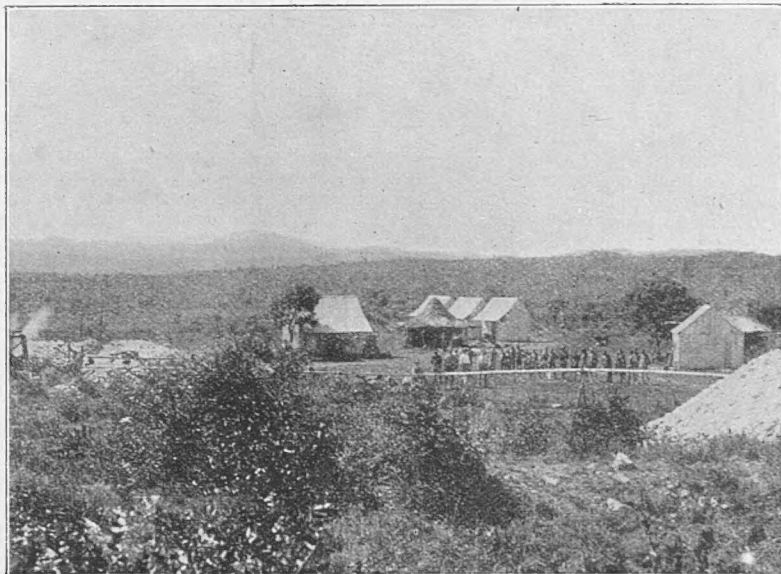
Our friend on the Committee of the British America Corporation tells us that matters are somewhat at a standstill, owing to the legal holidays. But he cautiously expressed the opinion that the lawsuit wherein the "Stock Exchange Syndicate" is sued for a million sterling would, if won, help the Corporation considerably; while it seems quite probable that the Globe Company will have to assume some of the liabilities at first imputed to the British America. The greatest task of all lies in deciding whether it would be worth while to reconstruct the companies or not.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

In days not very long gone by, "to come to one's autumn" was synonymous with—well, unhappiness anyway. But the Stock Exchange joyfully comes to its autumn, for the summer of our discontent with trade is gone, and winter smiles with prospect of better business. As all other professions and trades have their season, so may the Stock Exchange be said to have slack times during the summer, and busier days from autumn to early spring. Of course, there are still lots of people away. Some of them, we hope, will never come back. One, we trust, will spend the rest of his days yachting or somewhere far from the madding crowd of honest English life. But others will be welcomer than ever, nor need our pleasure at the prospect of their return be any the less sincere because the more business-men there are in town the more likely is it that the Stock Exchange will come in for its share of trade.

Of speculative activity there is very little. Except in the Yankee Market, where speculation is confined to a comparatively narrow ring of outside operators, there is next to nothing doing in the gambling departments. Investment is, however, steadily going on, and it is surprising how hard a broker finds it to make up a list of investments paying on an average 4 per cent. for a client who requires fairly high-class securities. It might have been thought that, with Consols at $93\frac{3}{4}$, there would be a big variety of gilt-edged stocks on offer to pay at least 4 per cent. The real facts are quite opposite to this view, and only by liberally mixing second-grade securities with the higher-class descriptions can one secure the rate of interest I mention. A 4 per cent. investment which is being very much pushed at the present time is Grand Trunk Western 4 per cent. Bonds at $102\frac{1}{4}$, which are guaranteed unconditionally by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. The bonds appear to be good security, but it is singular with what spontaneity the various newspapers have taken them up for



THE CONFIDENCE MINING-CAMP.

recommendation. One hardly likes to see such a unanimous chorus of approval spring up all of a sudden for bonds of this class. Grand Trunk First Preference as a second-line investment seems just as attractive, and, so far as I can see (as in a glass darkly, that is to say), Trunk Firsts should stand at about 105 ex-dividend. The company's issues have fully justified all the good things I have ever written about them, and, to anybody who is in doubt as to selling stock that he has bought on my suggestion at lower prices, I give Mr. Punch's immortal and most wise advice to those about to marry.

Keeping to this topic of investment, I may point out a brace of harmless stocks that might suit the maiden aunt, the country clergyman, or others who are dissatisfied with the 2½ per cent. derivable from the Post Office and yet who do not care to run any great speculative risk. One is National Telephone 4 per cent. Debenture stock at 97, and the other is Salmon and Gluckstein 4½ per cent. First Mortgage Debenture stock. The former, even if it should not be paid off by the Government, seems to be well secured, and the latter is undeniably so. Salmon Debenture pays a shade over 4 per cent., but, allowing for redemption, the return is practically the round figure. The latest New South Wales 3 per cent. Loan is also a good purchase, but of another type, and I stick to my partiality for India Threes amongst such securities. Central London 4 per cent. Preferred at 105 would look more tempting had it not had a decent rise lately, but the interest is safe enough as things are now, and I should not hesitate to buy the stock for clients wanting a quiet investment.

Talking of "Tube" stock reminds me of a flaming placard produced by one of the evening papers the other day: "Breakdown on the 2d. Tube." On the way to Shepherd's Bush I asked the porter at the end of our car if the breakdown were anything serious, quoting the contents-bill as my authority. "Serious?" he retorted. "No, it's nothing at all. I guess those paper people must be shareholders in a 'bus company!'"

Lord Kitchener's Proclamation calling upon all Boers to surrender three days after the mid-September Settlement had a very cheerful effect at first, but its influence waned rather before the derailing of trains by the enemy, which was impudently done without previous Proclamation. But when Reuter announced that a whole commando had been captured, there was another bear stampede in the Kaffir Market, De Beers and Rand Mines leading a little advance. These movements in the market point conclusively to the fact that what is being waited for is the end of the fight, which, once settled (not merely announced or proclaimed), will remove the only obstacle between the current dullness and the great boom that is expected on all hands. I don't mean to deny it is quite possible that general expectation will be no more verified this time than it was after the relief of Mafeking or Kimberley, but there will be more solid grounds for a rise. Several of the few companies now crushing are earning handsome profits, and if they, why not the others when they begin? I am far from despairing of the Kaffir Market's prospects.

Transvaal 5 per cent. Bonds are now quoted in two lines in the Official List. In the first appear the Assenting Bonds, those which have been sent in by holders who signed the agreement promising to be good and to accept payment of two coupons instead of the three which are due, and also agreeing to be paid off at par when the British Government thinks fit. The second line is devoted to Non-Assenters' Bonds, and against these no price is quoted, although the upper line is duly filled in with the market value, ex-coupon. Is it not a little childish to leave out the quotation in the second line? I suppose it is deleted from "patriotic" motives; but surely this is straining at the letter of loyalty alone. Prices in the Non-Assenting Bonds are freely made by the market, and it seems quite unnecessary to exclude them from the List if a line already exists for them. And I should like to have a little grumble at the Crown Agents for the Colonies, who have all the arrangements in hand connected with the Transvaal Loan. Notwithstanding the Crown Agents' office in Tokenhouse Yard, all coupons have to be sent up to Downing Street for collection. Not even the cheques for the coupons are payable in the City, nor will the Crown Agents send them by post. They must be collected either by hand or through a banker. The Bank of England itself would not stoop to such trumpery red-tapeism, and if the Crown Agents for the Colonies retort that the City office is not large enough for the work, we might ask why they don't get another.

Wealth on paper is no new thing, although the platitude may bring but sorry comfort to shareholders in the Globe, the British America and the Standard Exploration Companies. Perhaps at no time was money so quickly made and lost as at the period when the South Sea Bubble was being blown. A ballad published in 1720, called "The Philosopher's Stone," laughs the whole thing to scorn, although, apparently, the Bubble did not burst until some months afterwards. The songster wrote—

'Tis said that Alchemists of Old
Could turn a Brazen Kettle
Or Leaden Cistern into Gold,
That noble, tempting Mettle.
But if it here may be allow'd
To bring in Great with Small Things,
Our cunning South-Sea, like a God,
Turns Nothing into All Things.

The last and tenth verse says—

Five hundred millions, Notes and Bonds,
Our Stocks are worth in value,
But neither lie in Goods or Lands
Or Money, let me tell you.
Yet, though our Foreign Trade is lost,
Of mighty wealth we vapour,
When all the riches that we boast
Consist in scraps of paper.

The news of the dastardly attempt upon the life of President McKinley came up a Stock Exchange holiday, as bad news so often does. But the House-men with whom one has had a chance of talking over the deed are filled with intense indignation, and, if wishes could undo the harm, those of the Stock Exchange alone would be sufficient to immediately restore the popular President. The profound sympathy of the House is not to be expressed in mere words, and with deep respect it shall be no more than mentioned by THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Sept. 7, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

ANTROBUS.—We should certainly advise you to keep the shares, as an improvement is quite likely to come after the turn of the present half-year.

L. W.—You should leave the money where it is. If you speculate with it, you will most infallibly lose it. Egyptian Irrigation is a good security, and Oregon shares are a more or less speculative mining proposition in India. There are at least a hundred Rhodesians. You do not say which you refer to.

OXEN.—We have replied to your letter by post.

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN.

The Partridge—The "Skinner"—A Big Grouse-Bag—The Mackintosh—Pheasants.

THE chorus of praise that was raised in honour of the grouse, and renewed when his cousin the blackcock became lawful prey, has not found an echo in the reception of the partridge. From the Eastern Counties, where so many big bags are made, where Lord Walsingham, Lord de Grey, and other great sportsmen have made so many records, there has been loud outcry. They say that the coveys have suffered severely from the drought and that the sport will be of the poorest. From personal observation, I do not believe this is the case. I am rather inclined to believe that the open, unpreserved farmlands where ground is heavy and root-crops are poor will be the only ones that will not yield fair bags; on the better-preserved lands, where the birds are protected by the keeper's care from vermin and drought, I believe the results will be excellent when the birds are driven in the later year. Partridges require a little help on lands where the scientific farmer is allowed to run loose; if they do not get it they cannot thrive. There is the case in a nutshell. Tend your land, help the birds, and see that the shooting never goes to a "Skinner."

Mr. "Skinner" is a familiar figure all over the country and has been very much in evidence in many of the districts that now complain of the poor coveys. He is a fair shot, sometimes a first-class one, but never a sportsman, and his only object is to kill as much as he can. You meet him covert-shooting, and notice that he will shoot his bird at a twelve-yard range, with the result that shot are as much in evidence as feathers. When he goes partridge-shooting, he endeavours, generally with success, to kill the parent birds when the covey rises, and then he marks down the scattered remnant of the covey and shoots every one. When he has done this for two seasons, always shooting his best and hardest while the birds are young and unaccustomed to the gun, he remarks to his friends that such-and-such a place is not much good and that he must give it up. He does so, and the next tenant gets exercise for his money, and nothing else. It is not surprising that some land-owners limit the bag by agreement, and so save themselves, their game, and future tenants from the men who take all fur and feather from the land. A conscience is almost as necessary for a sportsman as a good retriever or quick terrier.

Grouse continue to hold the field against partridges with considerable success in the extreme northern counties and Scotland, for the harvest there is very late, and until the fields are clear partridge-shooting is not practicable. On the moors, grouse-driving is in full swing, and the reports of heavy bags are plentiful. The largest bag for Great Britain appears to have fallen to that very-much-landed proprietor and fine sportsman, The Mackintosh. It is reported that a day's driving on the Moy Hall moors yielded nearly nineteen hundred birds. Moy Hall belongs to The Mackintosh, and is reckoned to be one of the finest sporting estates in Inverness-shire, which is one of the finest sporting counties in Scotland. The Mackintosh himself is one of the country's great game-shots, so that everything tended to the making of a big bag. At the same time, the bag takes one's breath away. The writer has seen heavy bags made, and has even contributed a modest share to their making, but he has deemed himself and party exceptionally busy in the making of a bag not quite a quarter of the size. The grouse season is certainly Scotland's best for some years.

I have referred to The Mackintosh as a very-much-landed proprietor, and, indeed, he is the possessor of some splendid sporting estates. He is the proprietor of the Coignafearn estate of forty or fifty thousand acres in Inverness-shire, with the famous Monadhliath Mountain deer-forest. Captain Heywood-Lonsdale is the tenant for the present season. The Mackintosh owns also part of the deer-forest of Glenfeshie, now being shot by Baron Schröder; Dunachton with its ten thousand acres of shooting and beautiful house and grounds; the Daviot shooting, which is nearly as big; Keppoch, near Roy Bridge, and many others. All the sporting estates in Scotland have gone up steadily in value of late years, and competent judges say the end is not yet. Prices will continue to rise, partly because the demand increases as the country gets richer and still more rich, and partly because the modern methods of game-preserving and bird-driving have resulted in bags of a size our fathers and grandfathers never imagined. Happily for Scotland, few of the people who go there to shoot care to stay when sport is over, and the Highlands with their deer-forests are quite inaccessible and consequently quiet. Some sportsmen now in Scotland are twenty miles and more from a railway-station, and not much nearer a telegraph-office.

As a rule, shooting of all kinds will be late this year. From the reports that have reached me in the past month, I am inclined to believe that pheasants are backward, and in very many of our southern counties in bad condition. On many estates partridge-driving will occupy all the month of October, and the only pheasants shot will be the stragglers that find their way into the fields where the root-crops still linger. Even where the partridges have survived the drought, the lack of cover has made them so wild that nothing but driving will bring them over the guns. I shall be glad to see the pheasant-shooting begin late. The First of November would really serve quite as well as the First of October, perhaps better. When the leaves die down in the coverts and the pheasants can get to the red berries they so dearly love and for which they will travel so far, they become fat with the yellow fat pleasant to the gourmet. Before mid-November a pheasant is remarkably free from flavour of any sort, unless the cook happens to be an artist. B.